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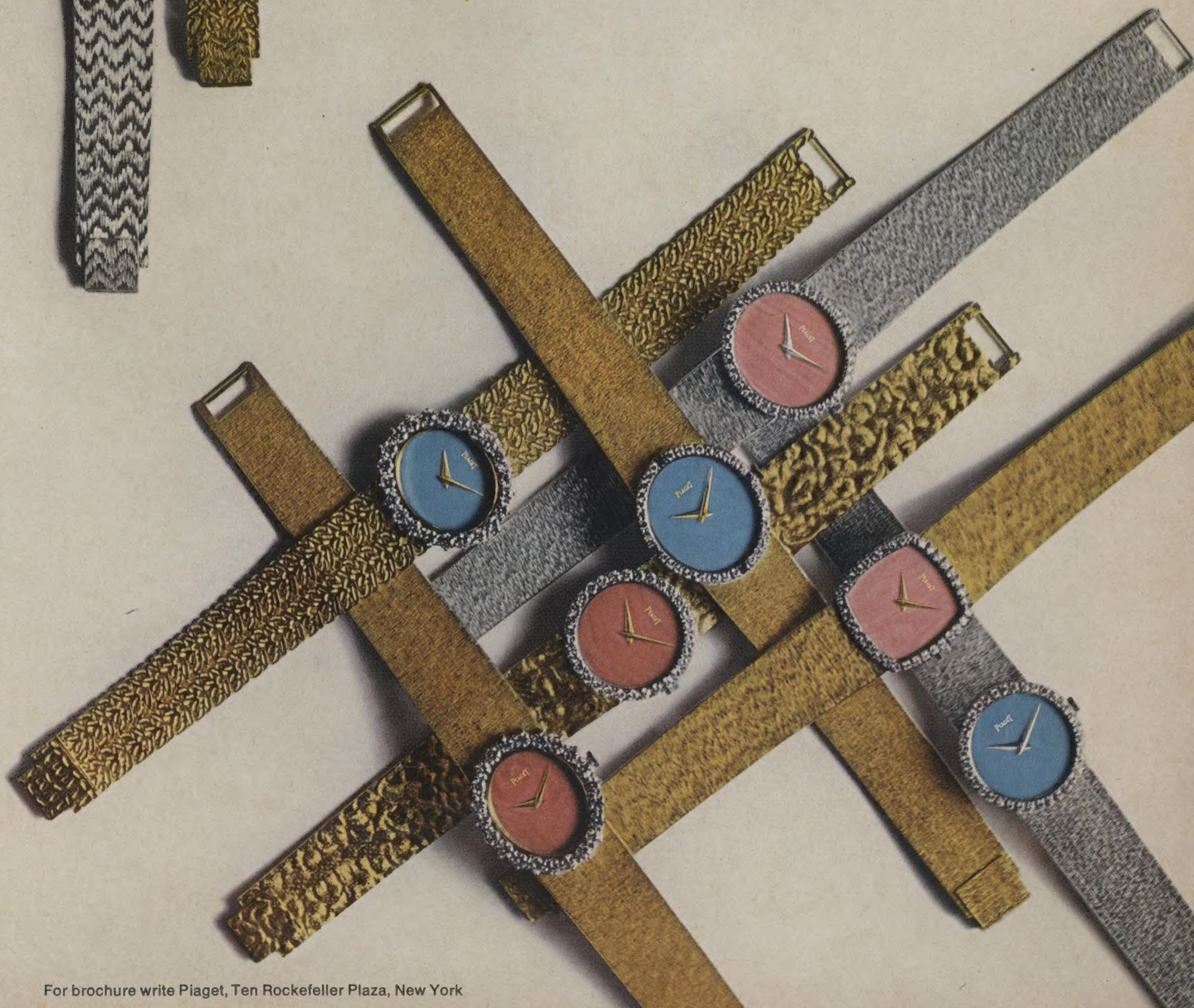


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NOVEMBER 15, 1968

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VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

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PENN

COVER: Look marvellous at night in a luxurious little white ermine tunic and pants of black-dyed Russian broadtail. Dazzled here by the accessory of the hour—an armful of serpents in jewelled blue enamel, and a handful of baby snake rings (more on these, page 171). . . . Look marvellous in *this* new look—Blue Veil Make-up Stick circling the eyes in a delicate mist of colour; deeper Pacific Blue Shadow Pact shading the lids, and creamy new Sakura Pink lipstick. All by Shiseido, the beauty giant of Japan. Fur made to order by Maximilian. Trifari jewellery: Altman's; Rich's; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Alba of Alba and Francesca.

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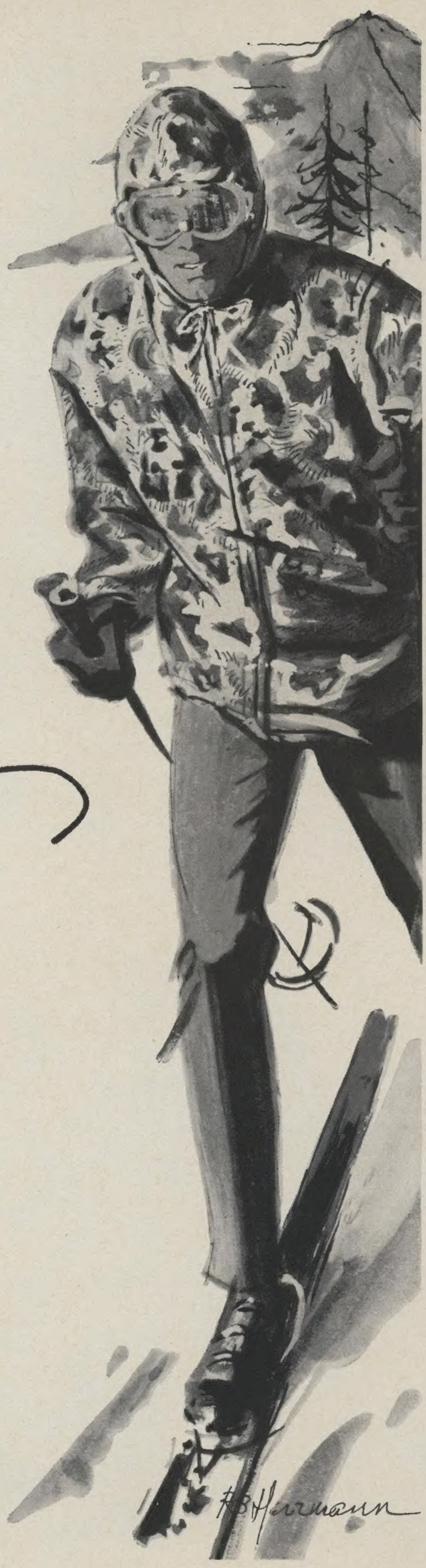
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Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 1968. Dress by Pauline Trigère. © 1968 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

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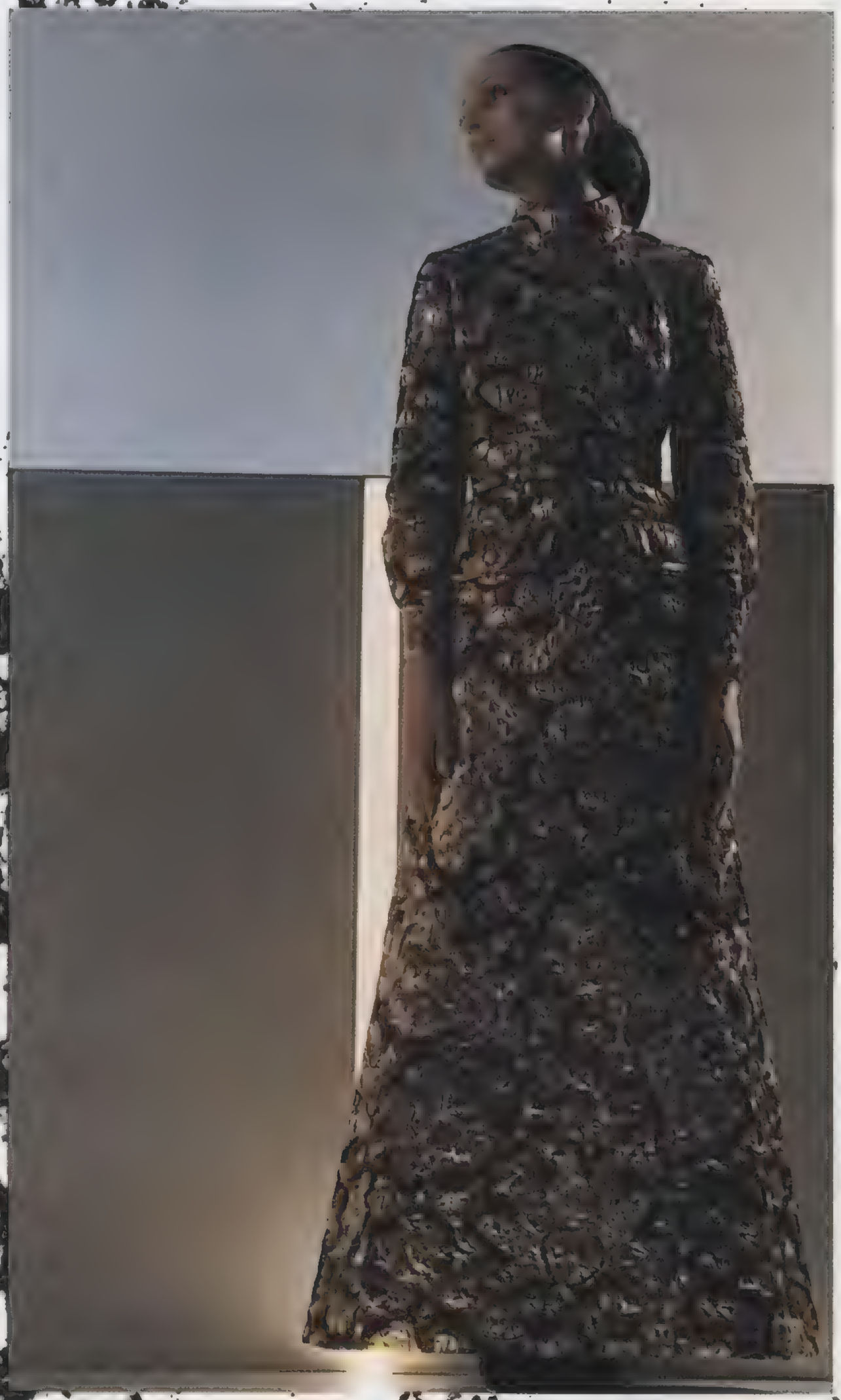
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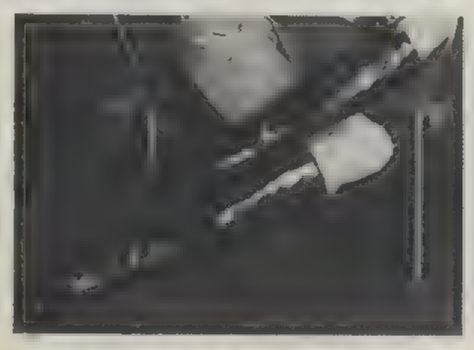
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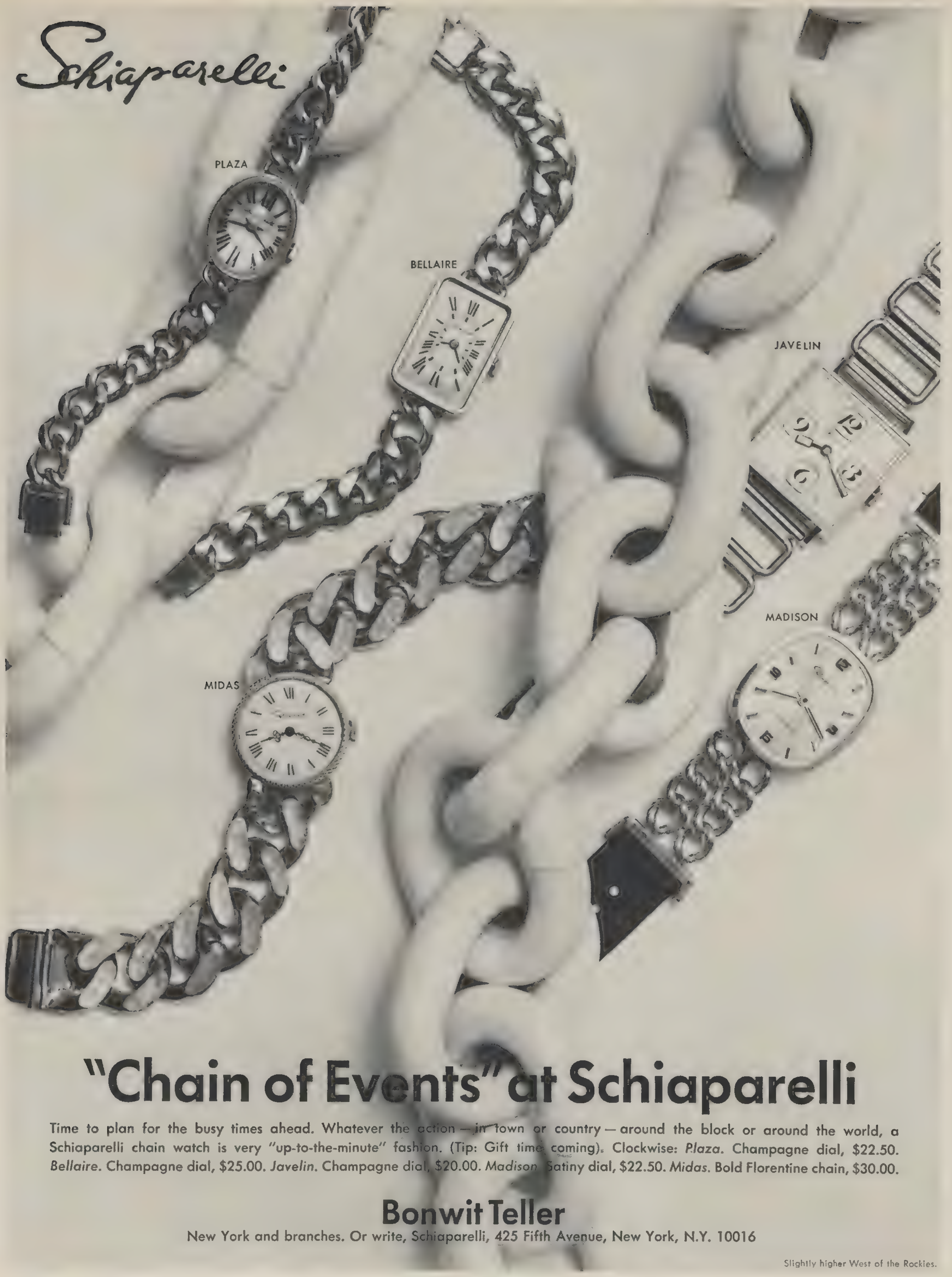
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number
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Edwardiana

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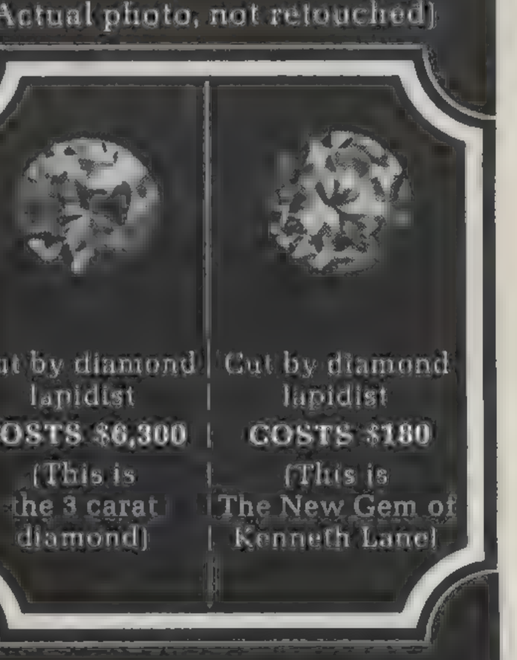
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Kenneth Lane, America's most renowned designer of fashion jewelry

Which is the diamond?

(Actual photo, not retouched)



Cut by diamond lapidist COSTS $6,300 (This is the 3 carat diamond)

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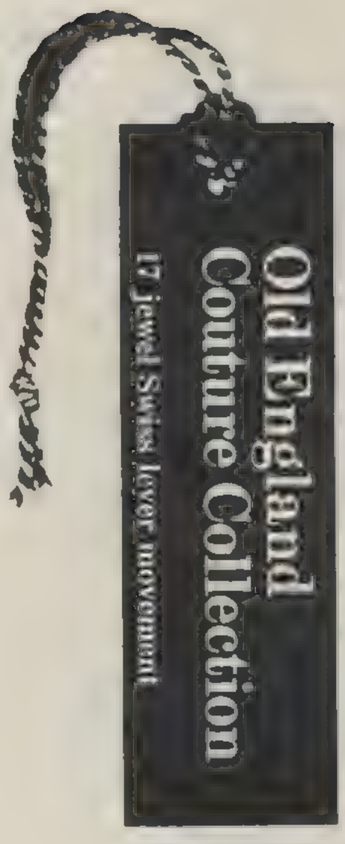
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VOGUE'S READY VIGOUR

Zip code for the U. S. male

Chez the young, to be preppy is to be consigned to oblivion. Preppy is crew-cut, cautious, and pretentiously unpretentious. And since only someone over thirty can *really* enjoy being young, the native husband and father has put his preppy grey flannel suit and silver-backed brushes into a time capsule, and stopped sneaking his wife's cologne behind locked doors. He is joyously afloat in a sea of exciting and various smells, textures, colours... all made just for him. Take the business of facing the day. Our boy tunes up in a warm shower with his sponge-mitt-and-Vitabath-gelée outfit, oozing with suds, redolent of piny forests. Again at night, he simmers in his tub and Vitabath-sponges away any uptightness he may have piled on in the conference room.... All the hot fudge and marshmallow buffs who grew up to drink nothing sweeter than a Collins will find Bitter Lemon very diggy. Not to drink, not this splash. British Sterling puts it up, tart and fresh, in after-shave lotion, shave cream, soap, and such.... It should certainly be considered that the man who shinnies up mountains and goes on sailing until snow falls is likely to reach for the soap and shave-lotion that smell like a brisk mixture of sea wind and sharp air. Happily, it comes in bottles, and is provided by the Mem Company. They call it English Leather Timberline.... Some of the comforts of home travel with a man whenever he takes off. Robert Denney's Executive Tote is the kind of treasure a well-organized captain of industry keeps filled and at the ready. It's a supple black leather case that holds, comfortably, toothbrush and paste, mouthwash, razor, cologne, anti-perspirant, hair goo—a whole raft of things in smallish sizes—yet it folds down to packable flatness. The Tote comes already filled with home-sized shave lotion, skin conditioner, and stick deodorant, all permeated with crisp, persuasive Chenango.... Liberation of the male, once begun, knows no restraint. The dear boy is now permitted to have sensitive skin, once completely the property of his delicate mate. Elizabeth Arden has solicitously prepared a series of corrective products for the man who flakes, itches, or breaks out. There is Complexion Clear, a weightless cream that rinses off with water, plus Toning Lotion, a lemony anti-bacterial astringent. Together, they form an effective pair of blemish battlers. Skin Conditioner is strictly for dry skins, and belongs in golf bags, ski parkas and sailing gear.... When the sensitive skin adds allergies to its misery list, first aid is no farther away than the nearest Marcelle counter. A neatly comprehensive group of hypo-allergenic comforts for men has been newly added to their line, under the winning name of Grand Prix. There is—in addition to cologne, shave and after-shave stuff, conditioner and deodorant—even a bronzer to brighten wintry faces.



The Old England Couture Collection is available at the finest stores in the U.S.A. including...

B. ALTMAN & COMPANY New York
BLOOMINGDALE'S New York
LORD & TAYLOR New York
BERGDORF GOODMAN New York
GOLDWATERS Phoenix, Arizona
JOSEPH MAGNIN San Francisco, California
J. W. ROBINSON Los Angeles, California
JULIUS GARFINKEL Washington, D.C.
WOODWARD & LOTHROP Washington, D.C.
FURCHGOTTS Jacksonville, Florida
JORDAN MARSH Florida
CARSON, PIRIE, SCOTT Chicago, Illinois
THE GLOBE Waukegan, Illinois
ROGERS JEWELRY Harvey, Illinois
HENRY'S Wichita, Kansas
HUTZLER'S Baltimore, Maryland
FILENE'S Boston, Massachusetts
J. L. HUDSON Detroit, Michigan
ROSE JEWELRY Detroit, Michigan
FAMOUR BARR St. Louis, Missouri
HALLS Kansas City, Missouri
BAMBERGER'S Newark, New Jersey
HAHNE & COMPANY Newark, New Jersey
ABRAHAM & STRAUS Brooklyn, New York
McCURDY'S Rochester, New York
IVEY'S OF CHARLOTTE Charlotte, North Carolina
NORDSTROM BEST, Portland, Oregon
JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
JOHN WANAMAKER Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
FOLEY'S Houston, Texas
FROST BROS. San Antonio, Texas
SANGER HARRIS Dallas, Texas
AUERBACH Salt Lake City, Utah
BEST'S APPAREL, INC. Seattle, Washington
CRESCENT Seattle, Washington
GIMBELS SCHUSTERS Milwaukee, Wisconsin
MILWAUKEE BOSTON STORE Milwaukee, Wisconsin
H. C. PRANGE Sheboygan, Wisconsin

For details of nearest stockist write: Old England Watches Limited, 136 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10001 NY USA.

Reflections on time....

Richard Loftus searched back into time, rediscovered the mystery and beauty of lapis, jade and topaz. Then came the creation of new watches from Old England – the Couture Collection. Wrist-sculptured cases enfold 17 jewel Swiss lever movements. Exquisite coloured dials reflect the aura of precious stones. Snakeskin and English hide straps surround the most fashion-conscious wrists in the world. Reflect on your time – all only $30 each.

From top to bottom:
Ref. 17/104 Round watch with golden tone case contoured to the wrist. Topaz brown dial.
Ref. 17/102 Oval watch, golden tone case. Dial in jade green with long gilt Roman figures.
Ref. 17/107 Flat, round watch. Stone white dial.
Ref. 17/111 Long rectangular watch with lapis blue case. Champagne dial.
Ref. 17/113 Square watch with topaz brown case curved to the wrist.
Ref. 17/105 Flat round watch with jade green dial.

Old England
Couture Collection



If you want the best dressed cars on the road, rely on a woman's touch.

Fisher Body does.



The beautiful interior of your 1969 General Motors car reflects good taste and good sense. One of the key reasons is that Joan Gatewood, Kathy Denek, Sue Vanderbilt, Margaret Schroeder and Bernadette Mate have worked their special magic.

They are among the GM Styling experts Fisher Body calls upon when it comes to interior design details best left to the deft feminine touch. A touch that results in car seats just the right height for a woman to enter and exit with ease. A touch that combines safety with beauty in this year's mini-buckle seat belt. And it's a touch that considers a woman's world of high-fashion heels and nylons in the design of carpeting, seat tailoring, steering wheels and controls.

GM's designing females are just five more reasons why so much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes GM cars a better buy. Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.



Body by Fisher

General Motors Symbol of Quality

The First Electric Wrist Watch For Ladies. The Electric TIMEX®

It never needs winding.

Should men be the only ones to own electric watches and never have to wind them? Timex says no! So girls, here is your fair share of the jet age.

The Electric Timex. It runs on an energy cell for a whole year. Then you simply have the energy cell replaced.

Choose from a collection that looks much more like fine jewelry than modern science.

From $50.00



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American mink—world's finest

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Nature's marvel: Glacial type **TOURMALINE®** EMBA® natural pale beige mink



Come. Get away from it all. Away from all the expected with Verawear striped as only Vera could stripe it. Capturing, as only Vera can, the land of the Lapps and Finns. Land there yourself. Follow the straight line of Nordic Stripes in Minicare® cotton. Start here with tops and skirts and pants and shorts and shifts and motoring coats and don't end there. See all you see here and a whole lot more including Vera's super superb

Ban-Lon®

pants of DuPont nylon in solid shades to match up. All at your favorite store in sizes 8 to 18. From $8 to $35. Small price to pay to reach the land of the Nordic Stripes. Prices slightly higher in the West.

THE VERA® GALLERY

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Vera Paints

in Minicare® cotton

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Nordic Stripes

for the miniest care

THE DINOSEIRIES



Rare accessories by St. Thomas.
In fine dino-cowhide to protect the fortunes of fair ladies. Eye glass case, $4.50.
Mini-case for cards, cash, $7. Midi purse, $9.
Key case, $4. Caretaker, $15.

St. Thomas, Inc., St. Thomas Place, Gloversville, New York

Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles; Gimbel Brothers, New York; Joseph Magnin Co., San Francisco; Foley's, Houston; Jelleff's, Washington, D.C. All stores, all branches.

The Cartier rockpile.



Lapis lazuli, the 'stone of heaven'. The piece in this watch, at the far left, is a clear, smooth blue. Lapis comes from a six thousand year old Afghanistani mine, high in the bitterly cold mountains of the Badakhshan district. The Bueche-Girod watch is a "sleeping oval" surrounded by diamonds with four blue sapphires. With 18k. white gold band, $2200.

And jade, next to the lapis. This coloring is known as 'spinach jade', which is said to have a more vigorous tint than other shades. Also a sleeping oval, the face surrounded by round diamonds with the rim, hands and band of yellow 18k. gold. $3300.

Rhodonite, which comes from the village of Långband, in Vermland, Sweden. The name rhodonite comes from the Greek word for rose. The watch, at the bottom center, is an upright oval with four rubies and twenty brilliant-cut diamonds, for $2200. Mother-of-pearl has a delicacy of coloring unmatched by any stone. At the top, the super-feminine watch by Bueche-Girod: an oval dial framed by a swirl of marquise diamonds, on a band of textured white gold, $4400. At the upper right is tiger-eye, the Western variant of Oriental cat's-eye, the talisman stone. The color is richly graded from gold to deep brown, like whipped honey. Four yellow and many white diamonds, and an 18k. gold band, $2200.

At far right, textured gold, with a Roman dial, twenty-eight brilliante diamonds and a basketweave gold band, $1650. All are at Cartier, Fifth Avenue at Fifty-second Street, New York 10022. PLaza 3-0111.



Fifth Avenue and 52/New York 10022/Palm Beach/London Ltd./Paris S.A.

Clothes by Donald Brooks, Pauline Trigère and Chester Weinberg.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.*
THEY HAVE THEIR ITALIAN PALAZZOS.
THEIR PRIVATE JET PLANES. THEIR FINE FRENCH FURNITURE.

BUT WE HAVE WHAT MAKES THEM BEAUTIFUL.

As of today, The Beautiful People means more than a bunch of beautiful people.

It's a whole new bunch of beauty products, based on what the real live beautiful people do to stay so beautiful.

Such as?

Such as making up by different kinds of light, depending on where their faces are going.

(Because, people like Princess Luciana Pignatelli, Georgiana Farr, Stephanie Guest and Virginia Regan told us, lighting can do positively weird things to a woman's face. Cheeks that look rosy by daylight can look jaundiced by candlelight. Fluorescent light makes pretty pink lips look *blue*, for heaven's sake.)

Our answer to this is the Carmen* Enlightened Mirror.*

It's a little portable makeup thing that lets you flick on daylight, fluorescent light or evening light, so you can preview exactly how your make-up will look when you get where you're going.

But the Carmen doesn't just let you look at yourself in an honest light—it lets you see yourself in a better light. We've taken out the shadows that lights usually cast. And we've eliminated that burning sensation, with our "cool" little bulbs.

You can adjust the Carmen to any angle. Or you can flip it and look deep into your eyeliner with the magnifying mirror on the back.

One thing more. Since we figured someone like you would be off to lots of beautiful places, we packed our mirror in a luggage-y looking black travel case. Complete with an extra outlet for your electric curler, coffeepot, whatever.

So now you can do what the beautiful people do.
Like you always thought, all it takes is money.



CARMEN THE ENLIGHTENED MIRROR BY CLAIROL.

*TM © 1968 Clairol Inc.

The geometric shape with the traditional classic Cartier dial. A watch with a sense of history in the context of the present. By Corum. From Cartier. $400.

Cartier/Fifth Avenue and 52/New York 10022/Palm Beach/London Ltd./Paris S.A.

COMING



Photo by Michael Sarne/ © 1968 20th Century-Fox Film Corp

HER LIFE

HER LOVES

HER AMBITIONS

HER LETHARGY

HER IMMORALITY

HER AMORALITY

HER DRIVES

HER TENSIONS

HER NERVE

HER FRIENDS

ALSO





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As an alternate fragrance,
try Jade East CORAL or
Jade East GOLDEN LIME

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Going on your looks

We're all clucking about traffic jams in the sky, on land and sea. Who's causing them? Exactly. And none of us has any intention of changing our wayfaring ways. By no coincidence, more and more products are appearing to help us look-feel-smell good while we're jamming up the various transportation works. Mirrors are really going all out—and everywhere. The new Saunda Vanity seems to have everything including three-way mirror—one swivels to a magnifier—unglarey lights, virtually unbreakable case with door hinges guaranteed for, count them, two million openings. (Yes, closings too.) There's no reason you, or whomever you give it to, couldn't use the Saunda at home. But that's not the point. It weighs only four pounds and goes where you go. $35. . . . Once there was a man who blew his top because his wife kept twisting the car's rear view mirror for face prettying . . . and eureka! He developed a visor mirror. It probably didn't happen like that at all. Anyway, now there is such a one, Look 'n Lovely (doesn't that sound like a man?), with battery-powered lights, no cords, and clamps to fit all car visors. We're intrigued with the idea of lights because we don't have to tell you that it's after dark when you want to shine most brightly. Look 'n Lovely mirror, six inches across, $7. . . . If you're stacked up for hours in a holding pattern, you and all the gentlemen within sniffing distance would feel more better, less nervous, with a little fragrance treat. Something cool, subtle, but compelling enough to tell them who's wearing it. Like a spritz of Ondine. And now you can do just that. Suzanne Thierry's well-known French fragrance comes in a sleek aerosol spray flacon for such, and more down-to-earth occasions. What with its good-looking golden case, very timely news, indeed. Eau de Ondine, refillable spray, two ounces, $6. . . . Her hair was in great shape when she left. And it was happily ditto when she arrived in Puerto Vallarta. Her hairdresser, having lavished a great deal of time and skill on her Real George simplicity, took no chances on the coiffure's life expectancy. He applied Final Net. This new invisible hair spray from Ellen Kaye is made to give today's natural-looking coifs the control they need without iron-fisted insistence. The hair shines, moves, bounces back. Used while setting for shape-making, after comb-out for calming surface. Final Net: only at beauty salons and further proof that the second most important man in your life is your hairdresser. (More Ready Beauty, page 69.)



The Gossard-Artemis
Satin Accent Collection
is available at
these fine stores:

Connecticut
Hartford.....Sage Allen
Maine
Bangor.....Freese's
Bangor.....Sleeper's
Portland Porteous Mitchell & Braun
Presque Isle.....Wilkin's
Waterville.....Butler's
Massachusetts
Boston.....Jordan Marsh Co.
—all branches
Boston.....Touraine's
Brockton.....Alyce Reizian
Brockton.....Edgar's
Burlington.....Almy's
Dedham.....Geisheckers
Fall River.....Edgar's
Fall River.....McWhirr's
Fitchburg.....Baylins
Hyannis.....Hasckell's
Lawrence.....Sutherland's
Plymouth.....Buttner's
Revere.....Almy's
Salem.....Almy's
Walpole.....C. E. Holt
Worcester.....Denholm & McKay
Worcester.....Richard Healy Co.
New Jersey
Cherry Hill.....The Country Way
Denville.....Anne Wayne
Elizabeth.....Goerke's
Flemington.....Carlin's
Moorestown.....C. A. Rowell
Moorestown.....The Country Way
Newark.....Bamberger's
Pennington.....Reynolds
Pennsville.....The Country Way
Phillipsboro.....Orr's Dept. Stores
Plainfield.....Goerke's
Princeton.....Edith's
Somerville.....Reynolds
Toms River.....Reynolds
Trenton.....Sy-Lene
Warren...Milady's Emporium Ltd.
New Hampshire
Manchester.....Leavitt's
New York
Amherst.....Jenss Dept. Store
Auburn.....Kalet's
Binghamton. Fowler Dick & Walker
Buffalo Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Buffalo.....Wm. Hengerer's
Buffalo.....Hens & Kelly
Endicott.....Burts Dept. Store
Ithaca.....Rothschild's
Malone.....Wm. A. Empsall Co.
Massena.....Boston Store
New York.....Bloomingdale's
Niagara Falls....Jenss Dept. Store
Oswego.....Shapiro's
Rochester.....B. Forman
Rochester.....E. W. Edwards
Rochester.....McCurdy's
Rochester..Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Rome.....Nelson's
Syracuse....C. E. Chappell & Sons
Syracuse.....Dey Bros.
Syracuse....E. W. Edwards & Son
Utica.....Boston Store
Watertown.....F. A. Empsall Co.
Watertown.....Smith & Percy
Rhode Island
Providence.....Outlet Co.
—all branches
Providence.....Shepard Co.
—all branches



GOSSARD-ARTEMIS KEEPS AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

Elegant way to relax in contemplative beauty. A luxurious robe of petal quilting. Double-layered gown outlined with shimmering beauty. Both all duPont nylon tricot with satin (triacetate and polyester). Rose bright, powder pink, frosted blue, moongold, jade. From the Gossard-Artemis Satin Accent sleepwear collection. Robe. 10-18. $30. Gown. P.S.M.L. $14. Slightly higher west of the Rockies. The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago 60606

wayne gossard fashions
NICEST NEXT TO YOU

KENNETH LANE DESIGNS FOR SHEFFIELD

Feast your eyes on these big, bold, beautiful 17-jewel Sheffield watches —all part of the new Kenneth Lane Collection.

The well-known jewelry designer has already changed both the look of costume jewelry and attitudes toward wearing it. Now he has teamed up with Sheffield, world leader in fashion watches. It was a natural get-together, and the results can be seen in a luscious new collection of Sheffield fashion watches by Kenneth Lane.

Sheffield watches on opposite page: clockwise from upper left:
A. $60; B. $60; C. $55; D. $55; E. $40; F. $75; G. $75; H. $50.

The Lane Collection is available at fine stores across the country, including the following and their branches:

New York, Best & Co.
Atlanta, Rich's
Baltimore, The Hecht Co.
Boston, Filene's
Chicago, Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cincinnati, Shillito's
Columbus, Lazarus
Detroit, J. L. Hudson
Houston, Sakowitz
Los Angeles, J. W. Robinson
Miami, Burdine's
Minneapolis, Dayton's
Philadelphia, John Wanamaker
San Francisco, Joseph Magnin,
St. Louis, Stix Baer & Fuller
Washington, D.C., Woodward & Lothrop
or for the store nearest you, write Sheffield, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Sheffield
Never a dull moment



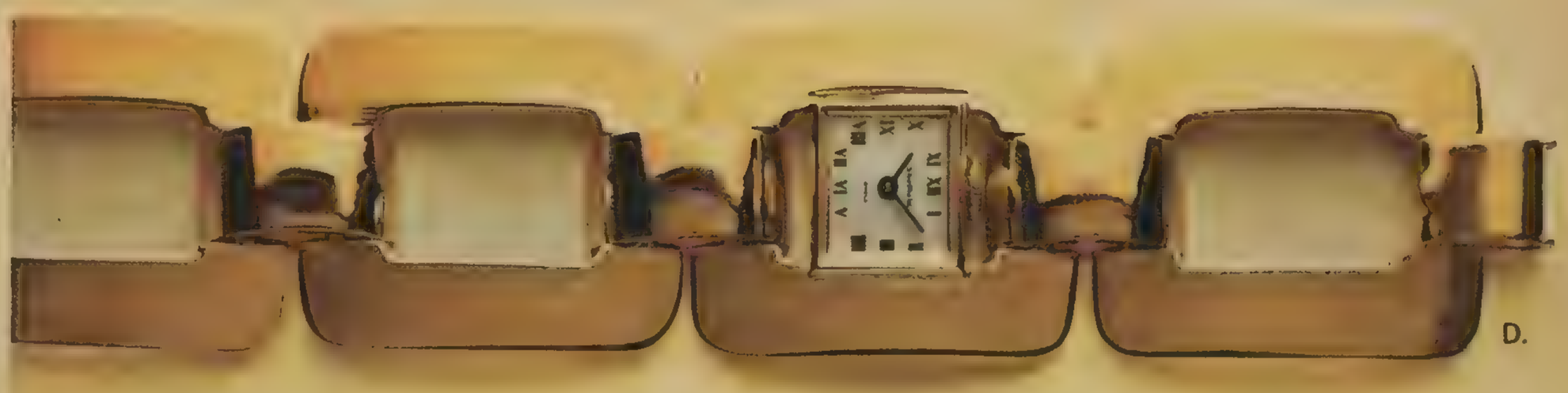
A.



B.



C.



D.



H.

G.



F.

E.

Now you don't have to choose between tummy bulge and saggy knees.

Till now, a girl who was built like a girl had a problem. Either she could wear ordinary pantyhose. Which didn't do a thing for her middle. Or she could wear plain stockings plus an old-fashioned girdle. And probably break out in general droop from thigh to toe. To say nothing of developing a bad case of garter gap.

Well, Berkshire thinks a girl should be smooth all over. So they came up with a slimming little panty girdle with stockings. Called Engagement,® it starts with a control top. Continues with replaceable stockings. Between them—practically nothing. No hooks, no snaps, no buttons, no bother.

And because Berkshire realized that a smooth tummy was only half the story, they decided that the only nylon that would do for their stockings was Actionwear* stretch nylon by Monsanto.

Actionwear nylon was developed to stay smooth. To spring back to shape no matter how much stretching, bending and flexing a lady indulges in. To cling all the way from the top of the leg right down to the heel with not a bag, sag or wrinkle on the way.

Engagement comes in three sizes. Lots of colors. And at just $6 for the panty, $1.95 for the stockings, they'll leave you flat. But not flat broke.



Actionwear® STOCKINGS & PANTY HOSE by BERKSHIRE

NYLON Fiber by Monsanto®

*ACTIONWEAR IS A MONSANTO TRADEMARK

At another time, in another world, you might have been a princess.

But for *you* now, an exquisite new interpretation of a Renaissance classic.

Royal Renaissance. 5-piece place setting $39.95, at fine stores.

Franciscan masterpiece china

a product of INTERPACE



ERNST ENGEL does great things for women on skis. And off. He does it in a French River Mills fabric of Trevira— the extraordinary fiber that liberates the looks of ski clothes.

Trevira® polyester creates a new crunchy-texture that stretchy fabrics never had before. Adds boldness and bravado to their color. Enhances the smooth and marvelous shapability ski clothes must have.

For apres-ski: the funnel-necked tunic with leotards to match. Together about $100, sizes S, M, L.

For snow-going: a zipped-up jacket, very warm and water-repellent, as it should be. About $65, sizes 8-16.

Both in flame, navy, turquoise, chamois, sulphur in 50% Trevira with wool and nylon.

TREVIRA®
POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber



THE TREVIRA ERA

The beginning of something extraordinary in America.

®HYSTRON FIBERS INCORPORATED, LICENSEE OF THE INTERNATIONALLY REGISTERED TRADEMARK

INTRODUCING "THE ALMOST-INTIMATE LOOK"

This is a whole new fashion. Created with Celanese Arnel. A new deeply-personal way to dress up when you're alone. Or almost. All to caress you in the ultimate softness of Celanese Arnel triacetate and nylon.

BOUTIQUE gets almost-intimate with the long, soft robe. Rimmed round and down with contrasting trim. Lime, royal or pink. P, S, M, L. About $20. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Robinson's, Los Angeles; Hudson's, Detroit; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. G. Fox & Co., Hartford.

KEYLOUN does it soft and short, with a contrasting leotard. P, S, M. Blue with brown or pink with grey. About $21. At Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Magnin, California and Nevada; Bramson's, Chicago; Titche's, Dallas.

FLOBERT comes hither with the two-piece pant suit, flourishing ruffles at neck and sleeve. 8-18. Green, blue, yellow or pink. About $42. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Robinson's, Los Angeles; Higbee's, Cleveland; Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Mass.; Jacobsons of Michigan.

SCHRANK CO. pours out the almost-intimate look to the floor. With optional self-belt. P, S, M, L. Pink, blue, lemon or jade. About $18. Short, about $16. For stores nearest you write the Schrank Co., 437 Fifth Ave., New York.



Celanese ® Arnel ®



PERTEGAZ,
SPAIN'S LEADING
COUTURIER,
BRINGS YOU
SOMETHING NEW
TO WEAR.

FRAGRANCE
DIAGONAL.

BERT GEIGER finds inspiration at sea for this sailor collared, white lace dress. Pure cotton gives it its dazzling whiteness, its delicate pattern.

COTTON:
YOU CAN FEEL
HOW GOOD
IT LOOKS

A flash of rhinestone buttons points up its utter simplicity. Sizes 6 to 16. At stores listed below.
COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.



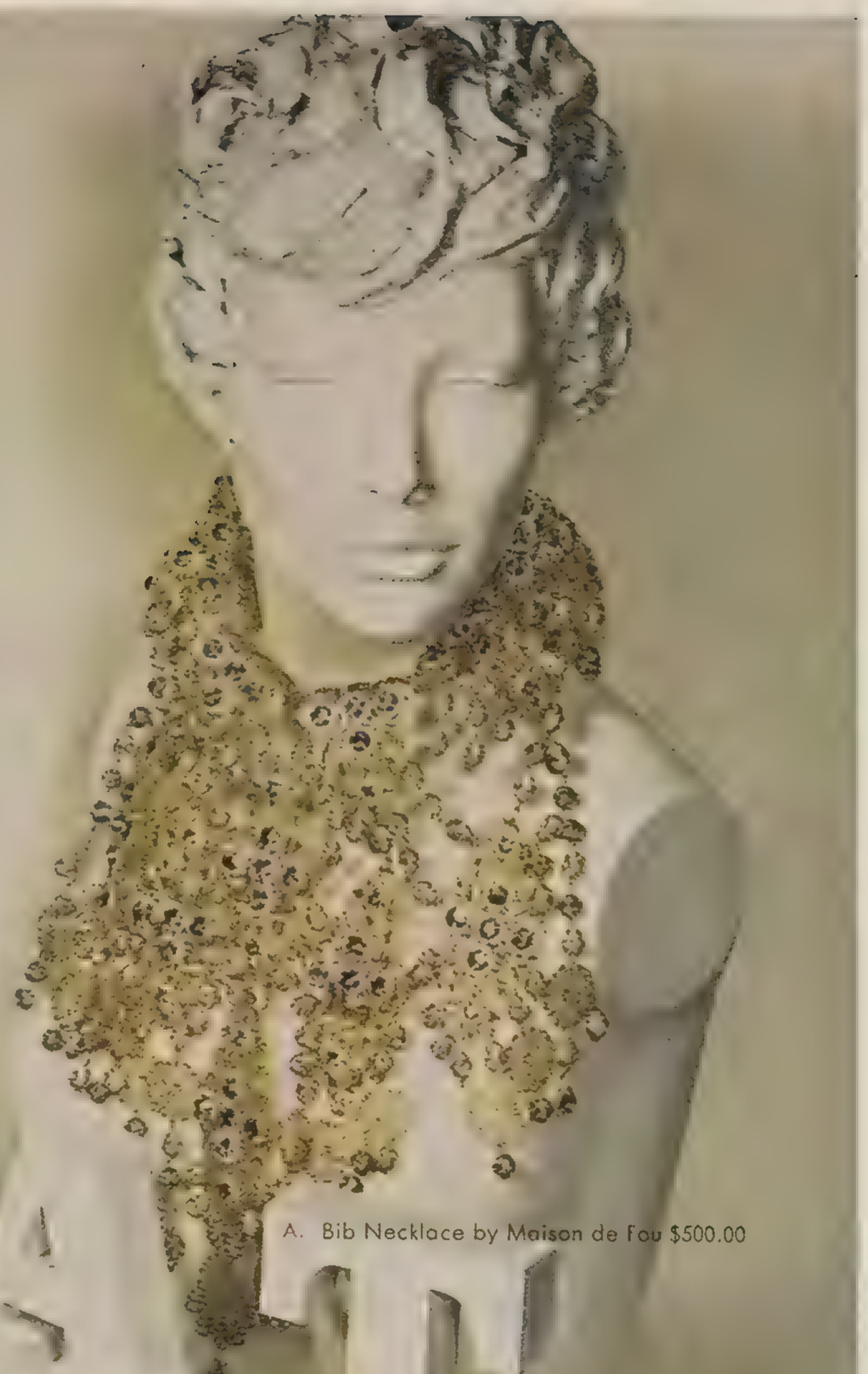
I. Magnin; Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; Marshall Field 28 Shop, and other fine stores.

COSTUME JEWELRY AWARD WINNERS

Each of these award-winning designs is made by a different manufacturer. But all are made with genuine imported crystal supplied by:

SWAROVSKI
WATTENS/TYROL/AUSTRIA

Shop for them at fine stores in your area, or write directly to the quality manufacturers listed below.



A. Bib Necklace by Maison de Fou $500.00



B. Necklace by Flemming $100.00



C. Pin by Marvella $45.00



D. Ring by Jules Van Rouge $300.00



E. Earrings by Paul de Croom $30.00

All prices plus tax

A. Maison de Fou Designs, Ltd., 15 West 38th Street, New York, N. Y. 10018
B. Flemming, 367 West 19th Street, New York, N. Y. 10011
C. Marvella, Inc., 385 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016
D. Jules Van Rouge, 7 North Church Street, West Chester, Pa. 19380
E. Paul de Croom, 103 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017



Look for this hang tag when you buy costume jewelry.
It is your guarantee that the designer
cared enough to use the very finest crystal.

You only buy our panty stockings because they fit so great. You dummy.



Belle Sharmeer panty stockings fit beautifully.
That's all you love us for. No wrinkly ankles.
No baggy knees. No slipping crotch or sagging waist.
Incredible all-over cling from your toes
to your waist. But a lot you care. That we slave to
give you the most fashiony colors, fetching textures
and designs. It's a cruel world.

Belle-Sharmeer®
The Indignant Perfectionist.

wayne gossard fashions
NICEST NEXT TO YOU



(Above) JULI OF SLUMBERTOGS hostess pajama with Kodel still looks fresh when the dawn comes leisurely up. In Russell Mills' white seersucker leno of Kodel polyester and cotton, with black velvet trim. Sizes: P, S, M, L. Made to sell for about $30. At fine stores including: Lord & Taylor, New York; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Goldwaters, Phoenix; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.

(Opposite) (Top left) EVE STILLMAN peignoir and gown with Kodel keep their bud-freshness even if you idle away the morning. In a lacy leno. White with pink-and-green or yellow-and-green embroidery. Sizes: P, S, M, L. Ensemble made to sell for about $51. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Filene's, Boston; Bramson's, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston; I. Magnin & Co., Los Angeles.

(Top right) LORI TILL hostess dress takes to the leisurely way of life smoothly with Kodel. In Avila's dimity voile of Kodel polyester and cotton. Kodel makes the white whiter, too. Available with black or red trim. Sizes 8-16. Made to sell for about $26. At Lord & Taylor, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Nordstrom Best, Seattle and Portland.

(Bottom left) TEMPO nightgown with Kodel looks just as neat getting up as it does going to bed. In Springmaid "Blush" piqué voile of Kodel polyester and cotton. Pink, blue or white. Sizes: P, S, M, L. Made to sell for about $16. At Bonwit Teller, all stores; Leon Godchaux, New Orleans; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Nordstrom Best, Seattle and Portland.

(Bottom right) LAZY U at-home robe is so cuddly you'll never want to stir out of the house. In Ameritex flock-dotted swiss of Kodel polyester and Avril® rayon...quilted with lofty Kodel polyester fiberfill. Pink, yellow or blue. Sizes 8-16. Made to sell for about $23. At John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Rich's, Inc., Atlanta; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.

All prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 260 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or leisure wear.


Eastman
Fibers

At: B. Altman, R.H. Stearn's, Rich's.
David H. Smith Inc., 1407 B'way, N.Y.



For The Good Life by David Smith.

The dress to wear everywhere.
In coral/white, yellow/white,
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DS
by David Smith

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

November 15

Help is on the way . . . for a face that wants a painless lift

Here, premises and promises—and people coming to the rescue of the face you're putting on, the hand you're extending for the gala turbulence ahead. . . . *Premise:* Tired face. . . . *Promise:* One visit, awakened face. Two weeks, three visits, a pepped-up face, whistle-clean, possibly whistle-bait. . . . *Subject:* Thin, dry, fine-pored skin; fading tan; spotty pigmenting, face and neck; dark circles. . . . *To the rescue:* Vera de Paris, a small, curvy, Hungarian-French cosmetologist, brimming with friendly vivacity, cosmetic chemistry lore, and enthusiasm for painless ways to inject new life into what may seem to you a face that's grown too soon old. . . . *Procedure:* Appealing "peeling," not uncomfortable—a good time is had by face and owner. You recline, get super-cleaned with lotion, special soap, warm water rinses, hot towel compresses, rubbing alcohol for assured de-greasing. . . . Then Vera's own-formula peeling lotion, cottoned on face and neck—a close, thin, sensation-less film. Special attention to eye area, delicate but studious concern shown. Takes an hour or two, during which you read, talk, nap. . . . Then, with another closely-guarded-secret cream, Vera massages dead skin away. After clean-up, hot compresses, toner, algae masque. Results: Superficial discolourations and smog removed. Skin tone brightened, shadows and lines minimized because of even-ing of pigment. . . . Subject's dentist, not ordinarily a fawning type, commented on her improved face next day. "Say, what have you been doing?" . . . If you can't get to Vera, she'll see that her Renova-Peel Kit gets to you. Normal skin, $46.50; dry skin, $56.50; oily skin, $66.50. Decrusting Kit for young skin that wants just refreshing, $14.95. *(Salon peeling, approximately $150 first visit, depending on skin. Vera de Paris, 30 West 56th Street, New York, New York 10019. Tel. JU 6-7842.)*

. . . for a woman who wants to grow nails fast

Premise: Splitting, chipping, altogether intransigent fingernails. . . . *Promise:* One visit and fragile nails fortified, broken nails mended. . . . *Subject:* A woman who'd hidden her nails in her fist for twenty years, wanted new ones for Christmas. . . . *To the rescue:* Nena, a long, gazelle-type beauty with hair of pure ebony, who runs a cosy salon where fingernails are the *cause célèbre,* their care and feeding an art for which Nena and her associates have forsaken other careers. (Maria and Mildred were hair stylists, Carita was a teacher.) . . . *Procedure:* Cleaning, manicuring, protecting, lubricating, counselling. Nothing seems to move these ladies more than the challenge of frail fingernails which they handle first like a piece of sculpture, then like a canvas. They design and shape nails according to their condition, coddle cuticles as they've never been coddled, urge nightly cosseting at home with a cream massage. They hold that the life of nails has an intimate relationship with the life of the cuticles, and treat the cuticles accordingly softly and gently by manipulating with their own fingers and with pumice sticks. It's a rare situation when you catch a nipper nipping at the cuticles of Nena clients. Nor are you apt to see a metal nail file around there—"Disturbs the nail too much." Emery board filing is the idea. . . . Very bad nails get an hour and a half's attention, get filed square, sides straight out ("You need the support of the nail sides") until they're long enough to sculpt. Which they will probably be in two weeks because each nail gets an utterly invisible patch, over and under the tip, as growth stock. Over this go: two base coats, two enamel coats, one top coat. Then out you go with a mimeographed sheet that instructs you to keep your nails out of water for the first twelve hours after manicure. Wind your watch and unfasten jewellery with tweezers. Dial telephone with eraser end of pencil. Manipulate light switches with knuckle. Use the cushions of your fingers to grasp objects. *($7 for one hour basic manicure, which lasts, with home retouching, about two weeks. Linen patches, 50c each; paper patches, free. Nails by Nena, 150 East 56th Street, New York, New York 10022. Tel. PL 1-4177.)*



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ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Your own way, and how to give it

Perfume and practicality don't mix. *But.* At this time of year we'd be out of our minds if we didn't consider its diversity, availability, fact that it doesn't have to be delivered by van. Really sensible. Efficient. Now we've got our way, on with the news. . . . Molyneux's latest, maybe greatest perfume, Fête, was born in France, travelled around Europe, where perhaps you met. You'd certainly remember. It is unforgettably French, completely female. Keeps you guessing whether total effect more musky or flowery. Fête perfume is now here in limited editions, numbered, all done up in the manner of an eighteenth-century decanter, its rococo golden cap reproducing old French doorknobs. Three ounces $100. If that isn't practical enough, smaller sizes from $8.50. Eau de toilette from $5. . . . If you look a gift fish in the mouth, you'll find Hattie Carnegie perfume. It's all right, just hold on. This is a jewel of a dolphin, carved in golden or silvery, dangling on a chain, holding a gala evening's supply of perfume in a leakproof bottle. It comes as a surprise with Carnegie Pink (pretty young thing), Carnegie Blue (young but wiser), Four Winds (worldly), à Gogo (really with it). Perfume in bevelled crystal with fish chained around, $15 the half ounce. Cologne versions of above, fishless, $5.50 four ounces. . . . If you have to choose between Capucci's Parce Que or Graffiti perfumes, don't. Take both. Or you'll be sniffing back and forth, back and forth. Parce Que is a cool number, slightly on the floral side, we'd say maybe better by day. Graffiti goes a little deeper, takes chypre with its jasmine, seems to bloom brighter by night. Still, who knows? Neither is kid stuff. Both very Parisienne. In Capucci's tall, chunky, crystal bottles, each $50 two ounces, $19 one-half ounce. . . . Everyone is doing signature things these days, so why should Adele Simpson be shy? She throws in the scarf, pure silk, emblazoned with her name in great colours, along with her signature fragrance, Collage. Watch out for this one. It comes on with a frank smile, a charmingly open manner, but underneath it's saying something else again. There's a lot to Collage including, we think, a few strands of Oriental mystique. Four ounces Eau de Collage with an Adele Simpson scarf, $27.50. The scarf, usually $22 all by its lonely, is an abstract array of colours that should go with anybody, anything. In a leaflet in the box, Mrs. Simpson suggests many ways to wear her signature scarf—hair, bag handle, waistline under link belt. Or: "Tie over your freezy-knees on a chilly plane." How practical can you get?

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.



& Out

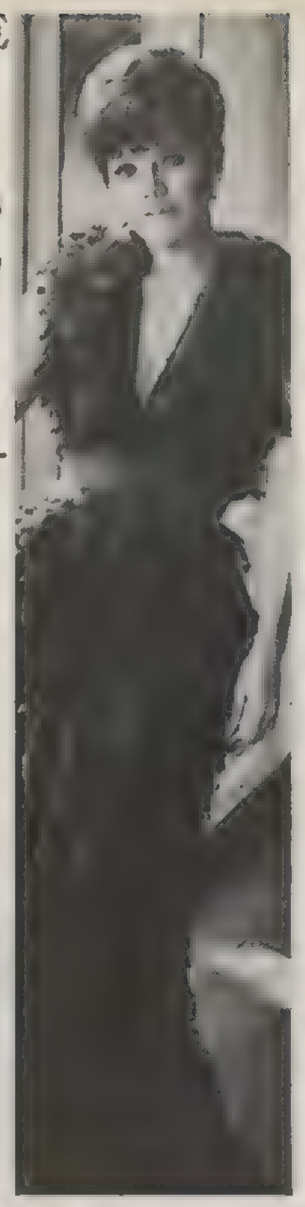
Now for your cover-up. A beautifully quilted midi-robe in Satilene® nylon tricot. Caribe blue, sapphire, toffee brown, cherry candy. Petite, small, medium, large. About $28.

Kayser

The intimate world of Kayser/Perma-Lift.

POLLY BERGEN TALKS TURTLE

"I have an ugly friend





who's done wonders for my skin. A turtle. And if you have dry skin, don't wait as long as I did to find out about her.



"Maybe you already know what today's smoggy climate, indoor heat, outdoor living, and rush-rush pace can do to your skin. Age it. Dry it out early. I know, too. For years I'd wake up every morning with a face crackling-dry.

"Then I found Oil of the Turtle. First thing that ever worked for me—and lasted. Why? Although it's a rich and potent natural lubricant, it is lapped up quickly and easily by your skin. No grease. No parched feeling later!

"I formulated Oil of the Turtle in a pink foam moisturizer first. Then, because dry skin never quits, I put that same wonderful help into a basic series of dry skin treatments. All designed for my kind of busy life. All quick, simple, effective, and fun.



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The dreamy robe—quilted and cosy



ALEXIS WALDECK

What could be cosier than a long, quilted robe for curling up by the fire on wintery evenings, for warming up billowy little nightdresses? Here, it's pale pink quilted nylon tricot with a small rolled collar of shiny pink satin and the thinnest pink satin sash to tie just under the bosom. By Lorraine Lingerie, of Du Pont nylon tricot with Dacron fiber-fill. About $22. At Bloomingdale's; Smith & Welton, Norfolk, Va.; Hensheys, Santa Monica, Calif. Maury of Kenneth coiffure.

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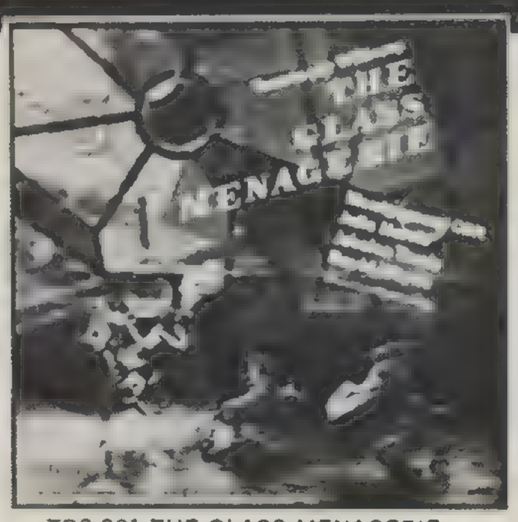


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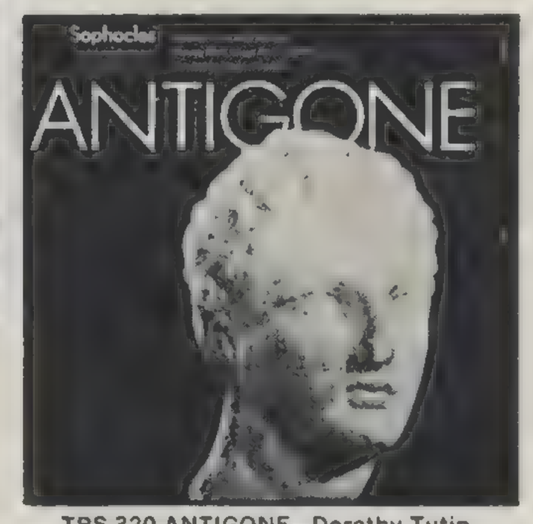
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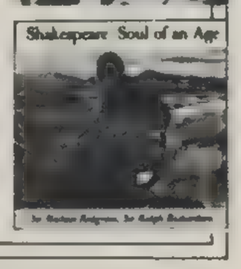
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Duncan Andrews
is doing everything for his thinning hair.

Everything wrong.

First, he shampoos every other day or so. Drying. Uses bar soap, or whatever's handy. Also drying. And dry hair can be brittle. Breakable. (And the more his hair breaks, the less he's got.)

And that's only the beginning. Because all that shampooing makes hair uncooperative, Duncan uses a grooming agent. A good one, sure. One that keeps his hair from dancing all over his head. By squashing it. Making it look even thinner. Besides, it only glosses over the dryness problem, and makes hair dirty all over again. So, back to another drying shampoo.

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Then and now, Kate Greenaway for the Age of Innocence.

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CHECKING OUT THE MEN

November 15

The man's bathroom . . . from rags to riches

Not long ago, men's bathrooms were apt to resemble anchorites' cells in their proud, ascetic bleakness; there were generally a few hospital overtones, too—the metal can of unscented talc, the soap that smelled faintly of antiseptic, the shaving gear laid out like props for the next episode of *The Doctors*. . . . Happily, all that has changed—for proof, see pages 162-165 of this issue. There's been a quiet revolution not only in how the room itself looks—pictures on the walls, perhaps a collection of seashells, or a tub that turns into a comfortable banquette—but in the bottles and jars, soaps and balms that equip it; these, now, reflect the new pleasure in grooming, in scents that suggest fragrant herbs or spices instead of hospital wards. And the bottles and jars come from all over the world. . . . From Switzerland, for example, come the matchless shampoo and hair groom spray made by *Pantene*—which also puts them up, in lavish sizes, in a Travel Pak, for the man whose life involves continual bouncing from one coast to the other. France is throbbing with news for the nose, what with *Chanel's* sharp, unsettling cologne, just out in aerosol form; *Caron's* big, aristocratic Soap Pour Un Homme—strong with lavender, done up handsomely in boxes of three; and *Guerlain's* blithe and delectable Habit Rouge hair spray (it's called Capillaque). From France as well, by way of Dana, comes a superb after-shave treatment pungent with *Canoe*. . . . England, that island where the Establishment has always meant the male, makes its point with *Dunhill Powertools*. There's a pair of bath absolutes: After Bath Masseur, a clear and vigorous tingler that revs up the skin and leaves it flushed and fresh; and spray-on Refresher, the most plausible of follow-ups. . . . Meantime, back in America, Estée Lauder has been dealing with the nittiest of gritti, the six o'clock cheek of the man who shaves in the morning and winces at the thought of irritating his skin again. The *Aramis Master Shave Plan* produces the truly benevolent shave. There are three translucent gels: Pre-Shave Concentrate, Shaving Concentrate, and After-Shave Concentrate, all working persuasively together to make happy, willing shavers. . . . Of course, even the closest of shaves is not the complete cleanser: any man who likes keeping a clear, immaculate skin should investigate *Fabergé West's Scrub Wash*, a cream-and-grain formula in tube form. . . . Powder is one of the great skin tranquillizers, and *The Baron* powder, as specified by Evyan, is marvellously soothing. It is ruddy in colour, fine in texture, and settles on the skin in silky anonymity. . . . *Hubert de Givenchy*, never one to put down self-indulgence, has just done a knockout of a carry case in heavy cowhide with positively royal brass fittings, an adjustable strap that comes off when not needed. In this kingly case are Givenchy's euphoric eau de toilette, soap, and after-shave lotion. . . . Burning, bloodshot eyes respond gratefully to the blandishments of soothing *Visine Eye Drops*. Wind-bitten lips are mollified when a proper lip pomade like *Chap Stick* or *Bonne Bell's Kristi* is used. (Can it be said too often that it is deep-dish folly to go near a ski slope without one of them?) And a tense and twitchy face should be all smiles when covered over with *Gillette's* hot shave cream. There's even rescue at hand for the face gone grey with fatigue: a swift application of bronzer, and a man can face the world looking aglow and agog, no matter how drained he may feel. . . . The great fascination of scent is that it is evocative of a mood, a place, a special time. Shulton hits a strong new high with *Old Spice Burley*. A slap of the cologne is curiously like the instant of coming from the cold out-of-doors into a warm, fragrant room where there's a log fire crackling. The Burley packaging is both tactilely and texturally appealing. The bottle shape is secure in the hand, (Continued on page 85)

Essential oils imported from Sweden. Scannon Ltd., Morristown, N.J.



THE KANØN BATH MATE
Velour terry shave-wrap with roomy pocket. Complete with Kanøn Rich Shave Foam, Hair Groom with Protein and Kanøn Cologne. $14.

THE KANØN JET MATE
Capacious suede zip duffle holds all his paraphernalia. Comes with Kanøn Body Rub, Cologne, Face Conditioner, and a spare for what-have-you. $15.

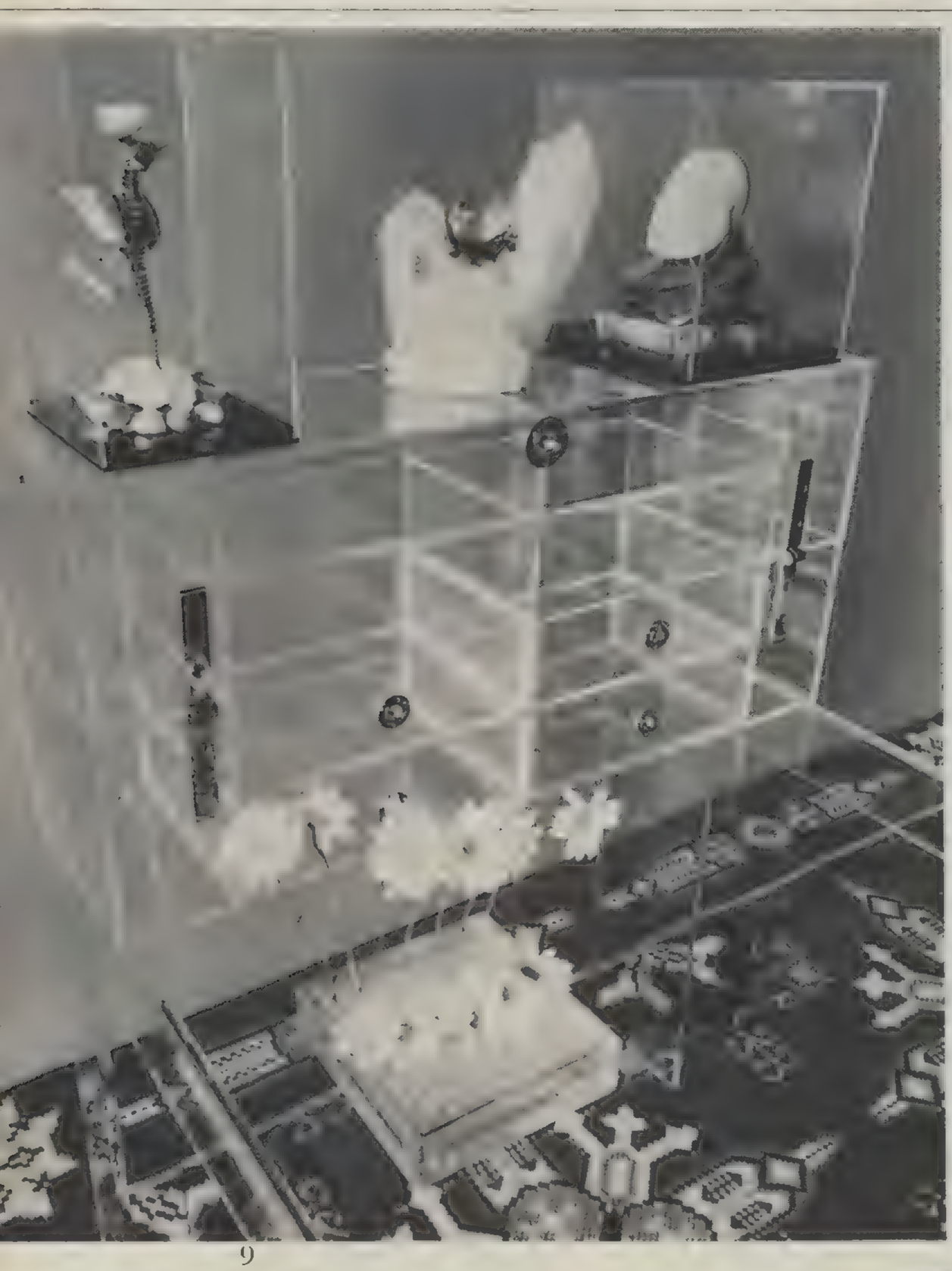
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VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS
AND IDEAS FOR

FASHIONS IN LIVING



9

The well-planned gift

1. *For a space-age cook:* Radarange micro-wave-cooks a 6-lb. roast in 28 minutes, a baked potato in 4, *sans* heat or odour. Amana's stainless steel, portable, plug-in range, $195.95. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., N.Y. 10022. Sony Playback and Recording Deck. TC8. stores recipes on tape cartridges. $129.50. Liberty Music, 450 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10021. Imagine hearing Julia Child!



1

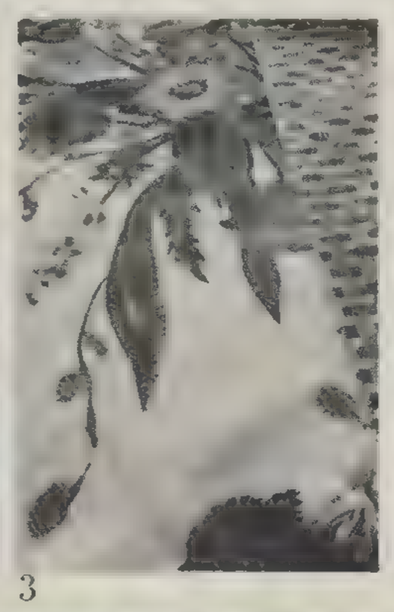
2. *For a super party:* Super décor designed by Robert Perkins, 306 E. 53rd St., N.Y. 10022. Everything but the guests and food is provided to order, installed at home, club, or hotel. It's super for visitors, for example. Here, a dashing Christmas table.



2

3. *For a country house:* Stencilled fabric rugs, by Bishop & Lord, $350 to $725. To order from Elizabeth Draper, 21 E. 62d St., N.Y. 10021.

4. *For total luxury:* Rock crystal ball faucets in a mirrored green marble bathroom, designed for Kenneth J. Lane. From Guerin. 23 Jane St.. N.Y. 10007.



3

5. *For all ages:* Games in Plexiglas. Poker-dice in a flocked scoop, $12.50; checkers. on black-and-white board, $49.95; and dominos, boxed with black racks, $42. At The Very Thing, 149 East 72nd Street, N.Y. 10021.



4

6. *For a Cordon Bleu:* Mats and napkins to order in Woodson prints. Modern ironstone china. French wooden spoons, tin moulds, glasses. All: La Boutique de Cuisine, 200 East 61st Street, N.Y.



8

8. *For chicerinos:* The idea is to mix plaids, checks, solids on beds. Sheeting on foam rubber covers walls; chests are painted to match. All, Porthault, 55 E. 57th St., N.Y. 10022.

9. *For a collector:* Plexiglas cabinet, $300; square table. $365; Susan Lewis, 10 E. 76th St.. N.Y. 10021. Stones, shells, etc., arrangements by Frederick Bradley. Needlework rug design, 8′ x 11′. to order in squares. All. Woolworks, 783 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10021. Vase. frog, $12.95. Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave.

6



7



7. *For a chic bedroom:* Stevens-Utica no-iron bottom sheet, pillowcases, striped navy and white; top sheet red and white. Navy blanket. piped in red. is also coverlet. Stripes are used to cover table and box springs. By Bettina, Bloomingdale's, Lexington Avenue, N. Y. 10022.

DAV D MASSEY



5





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for Christmas

The world's most up-to-the-minute fashion magazine will keep her informed and amused the whole year through, with news of fashion, beauty, books, movies, plays, happenings, and the people that people are talking about all over the world. Mail the order form. Today!

Men's Checkout

(Continued from page 80)

and the gourmet mustard-coloured presentation is tasty to look at. *Fragonard's Zizanie,* in a different key, does a silvery-tanked eau de toilette spray that is shot through with nostalgia. One whiff is apt to summon up an August in Deauville when it rained day after day, but nobody got to bed before five. Or the costume ball in Venice after which several lifetime friendships came unglued. Zizanie is indeed terribly worldly, terribly wear-y, and totally engaging. . . . *Numero Uno* thinks one has a right to build moods four ways: the new Searcher setup has four different colognes, grooved and waiting for a man to decide if he feels aloof or cosy, tigerish or Teddy Bear. . . . With *Nine Flags,* there are as many countries to choose from when it comes to aspects of scent. Besides which, an internationally-minded chap can profit in many ways: he can come wide awake after showering with Sauna Body Spray from Finland, master his hair with Italy's Condizionatore de Capelli, lubricate his dry skin via Spain with Contra Clima, achieve an instant *coup de soleil* with Alpen Braune of Switzerland . . . even insure his social security with France's Désodorisant deodorant spray. There is, in addition, a cologne concentrate that is understood in all countries. . . .

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 126-127; other views, yardages, details)



1865

7294

Far left: The widest whirl of culottes. Vogue International Couturier Pattern 1865. Designed by Emilio Pucci. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 12 culottes: 10⅛ yards of 36″ fabric without nap (fabric has to be pieced). $3.50. In Canada, $3.85. *Near left:* The jump suit plus over-dress. Vogue Pattern 7294. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 12 jump suit: 3⅝ yards of 36″ fabric without nap. For size 12 over-dress: 3¾ yards of 36″ fabric without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

(Continued from pages 178-179; other views, yardages, details)

Near right: Brown leather skirt and brown jersey shirt. Skirt: Vogue Pattern 7007. Waist sizes 24-30. Size 12 skirt (waist 25): 2 leather skins. 75c. Canada, 85c. Shirt: Vogue Pattern 7478. Sizes 8-18. Size 12: 1¾ yards of 54″ fabric with or without nap. $1. In Canada, $1.10.

Far right: Black patent dirndl and black jersey shirt. Vogue Pattern 7357. Sizes 8-16. Pattern also has sleeveless jacket. Size 12 skirt: 1⅝ yards of 54″ fabric with or without nap. Size 12 shirt: 1⅜ yards of 56″ fabric with or without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20.



7357

7007
7478

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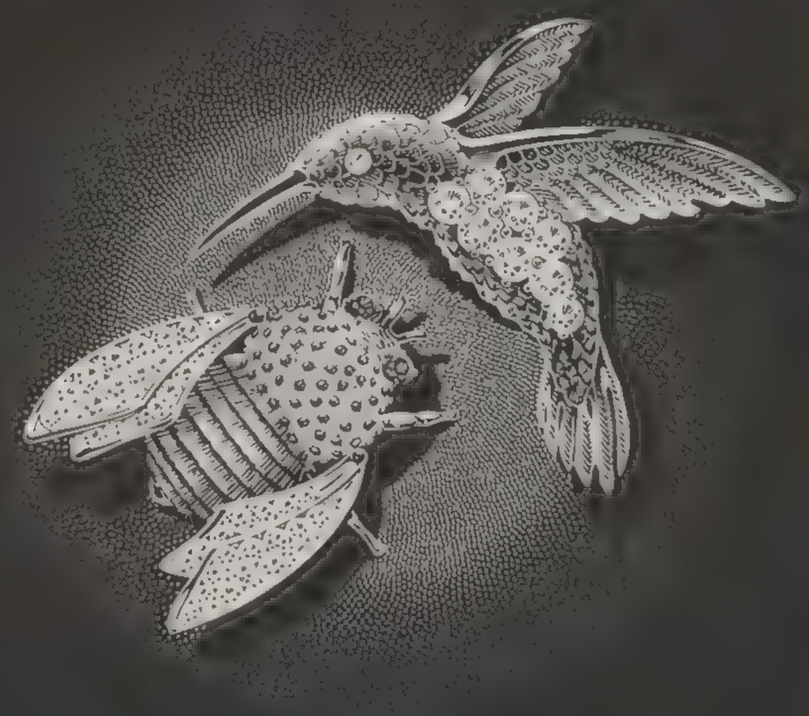


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VOGUE'S

Red-carpet splurge for "Funny Girl" on Broadway



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Who can stop traffic on Broadway? The Mayor can, and he did, too, in honour of a Brooklyn girl, Barbra Streisand, who is funny, driven, and remarkably pretty in the rôle of a Lower East Side girl (Fanny Brice), the evening that the movie *Funny Girl* opened in New York. Not only was traffic stopped, a red carpet was spread across Broadway at its broadest so that a thousand guests could cross over from the theatre to dance and eat supper under two yellow-striped, three-ring-sized tents filled with palms and pink and orange plumes.

This surprising, gala, Ziegfeld-spirited evening was all for the good of the Mayor's Commission on Youth and Physical Fitness, the remarkable, part-private, part-government organization that works (and has worked with recognized success) to engage—in jobs, in sports, in the arts—the city's underprivileged and often alienated

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NOTEBOOK



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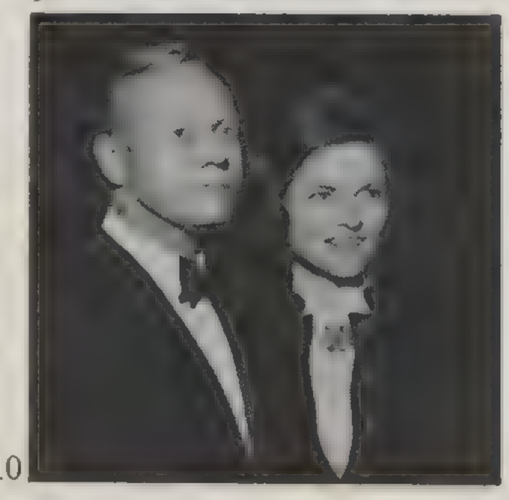


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youth. For such a Commission stopping traffic is only the start. 1. The Hon. John V. Lindsay, Mayor of New York; Miss Barbra Streisand. 2. Mr. Ray Stark; Mrs. Edwin I. Hilson, chairman of benefit. 3. Mrs. Harcourt Amory, junior; Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke. 4. Mrs. Ford Niarchos, Mr. Charles Evans. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Harris, Mrs. Joseph A. Meehan. 6. Sen. Jacob K. Javits, Mrs. Ray Stark, Mr. Craig Mitchell. 7. M. Yves Saint Laurent, Mme. Pierre Catroux. 8. Miss Anjanette Comer, Mr. Omar Sharif. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Gould (she is Barbra Streisand). 10. Mr. and Mrs. C. Wyatt Dickerson. 11. The Brooklyn Bridge, who played in the tents.



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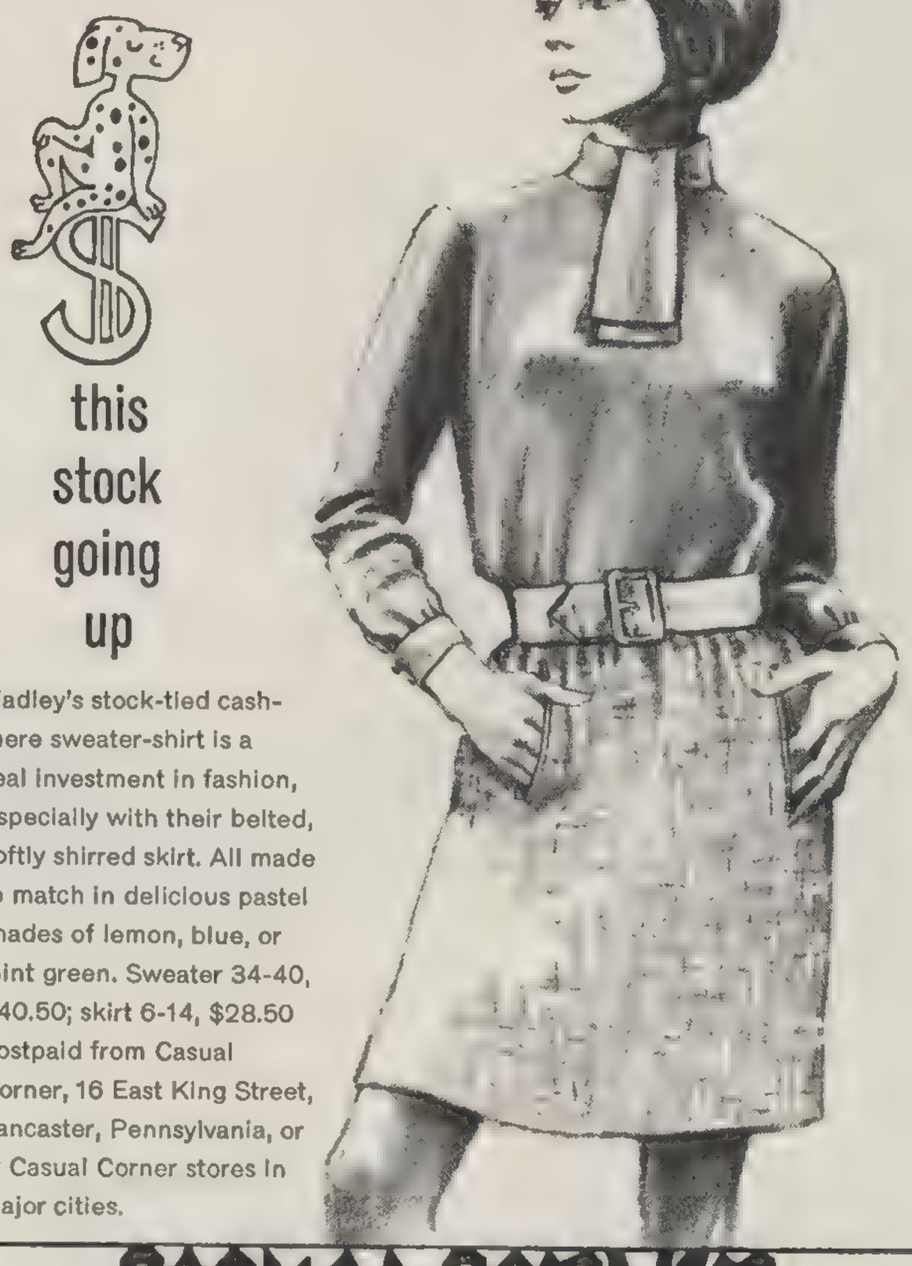
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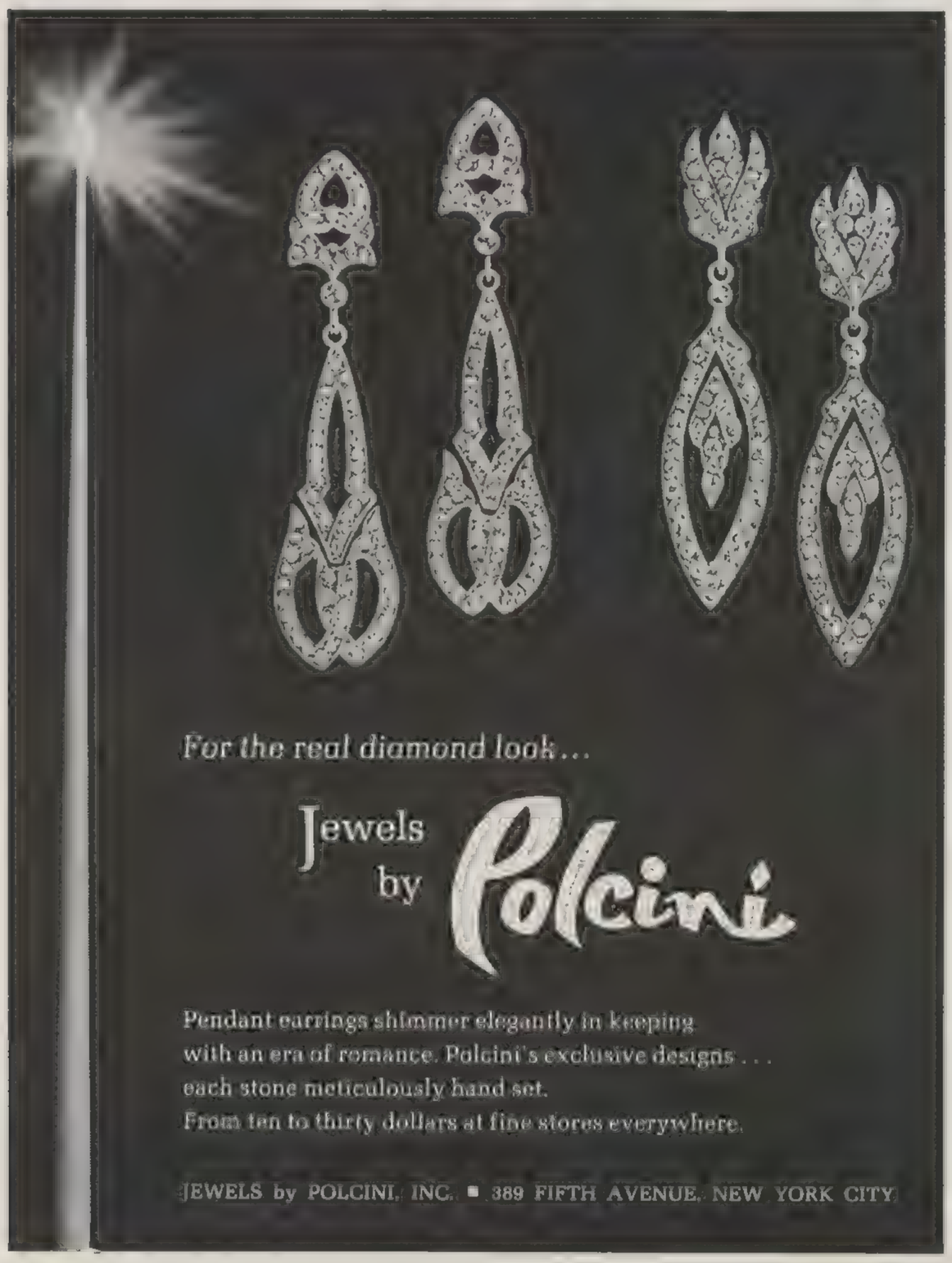
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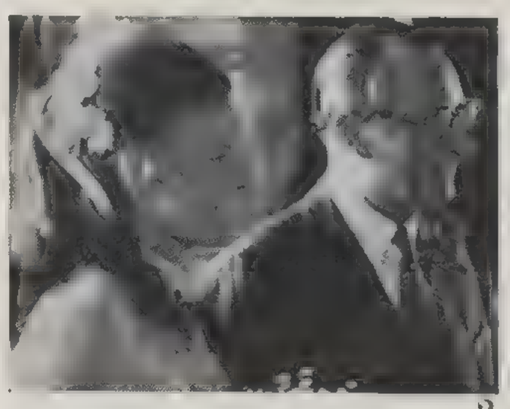
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VOGUE'S

The happy-hearted Heminway-Von Helms wedding in Watch Hill, Rhode Island



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At the high-hearted, country-spirited wedding of Miss Hilary Heminway, daughter of Mr. John Hylan Heminway and the late Mrs. Heminway, and Mr. Ernst Michael Freienmuth von Helms: flower girls in white piqué, bridesmaids in pink-and-white gingham, ushers in boaters and blazers, and the small ring-bearer (who would have it no other way) padding barefoot down the aisle of the old, beamy, clapboard church.



3

Later, the reception spread over the grounds and through the shingled clubhouse of the Misquamicut Golf Club, with champagne



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NOTEBOOK



on the lawn, a band on the long verandah, and, in one room, a rocking combo and hot dogs for the young who had it all their way at this wedding that spilled joy. 1. The bride and groom with some of their attendants. 2. Miss Hilary Heminway, Mr. John Hylan Heminway. 3. Mr. Sean Heminway, Miss Christine Semenenko. 4. Mrs. Arthur Gardner, senior; Mr. and Mrs. Britton Browne. 5. Mrs. James Niven, Mrs. Serge Semenenko. 6. The flower girls. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Stephane Groueff, Mrs. Franklin J. Wilkes. 8. Mrs. Peter Barnes with Jebby Barnes; Mrs. David Shields. 9. The hairdresser Lupe with Mrs. Anthony Heminway. 10. Mr. Gerald Gordon, Mrs. Kenneth Keith. 11. Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard, Mrs. Arthur Gardner, junior; Mr. Engelhard.



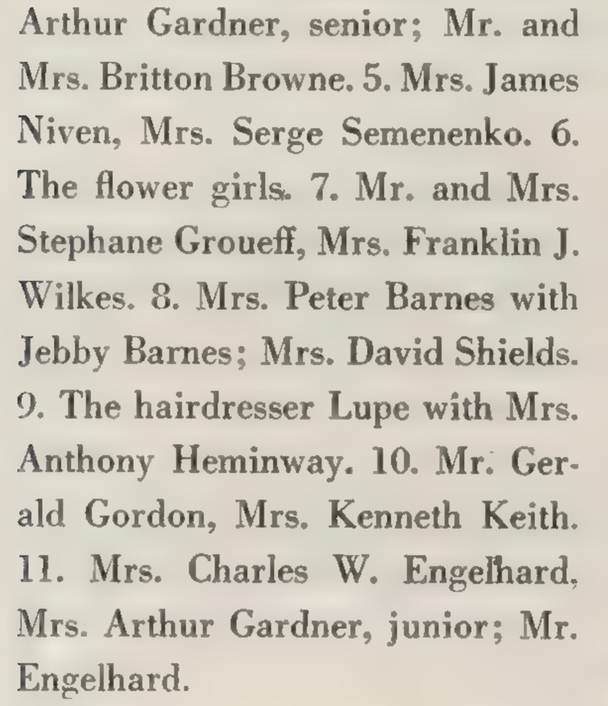
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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

The Great White Hope, "*moving*"

The Great White Hope is an interesting play which is made extremely enjoyable by the beautiful performances by James Earl Jones and by Jane Alexander, who will have to be reckoned with from now on as a leading contender for the title of the best living American actress, in the rôles of a Negro heavyweight champion of the world of the 1905-1920 era and of the white woman who falls deeply in love with him and is as much loved in return. The reality of their passion for each other is made absolute, and it lends the play a tragic dimension that its text does not appear to possess.

What one detects behind the marvellous acting of the two principals, and the very skillful direction of Edwin Sherin, is a Brechtian parable about the corruption of white America and the evils of racism. The author appears to be a believer in the conspiracy theory of history, and he seems to be suggesting that "they" in Washington were keen to bust Jack Johnson as soon as he won the heavyweight championship of the world, because they were afraid that his possession of the title would create a law enforcement problem in the Negro ghettos in the North. He consequently turns the story of the real-life Johnson's real troubles with the law on its head and comes up with a comic-book yarn showing us how Superfuzz or Fedman conspired wid dem white folks whut run de fight game to twist the title out of the hands of a certain Jack Jefferson, first by busting him for an offence against the Mann Act, and then, after he has jumped bail and run off to Europe, by freezing him out of the ring.

These are the sort of childish lies about society and its motivations that Brecht loved to tell, and it is too bad that Howard Sackler, who wrote the play, should have been seduced by that example. It doesn't really seem likely that the world, or race relations, or even passenger service on the Long Island Railroad are any of them likely to be improved by selling theatre audiences untruths. Despite this objection, however, the acting makes this show extraordinarily moving and well worth seeing. And the climactic scenes, recapturing the frenzy that surrounded the real-life Willard-Johnson fight in Cuba, are memorable.

Box and Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung, "*mud slide*"

Box and *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung* show Edward Albee experimenting along lines that were being explored at the Yale Drama School a little while back by Judith Malina and Julian Beck of The Living Theatre. Their joint researches, when completed, will have established once and for all how far one can go in abusing the patience and good nature of paying audiences. Albee, being a word man, indulges himself by making the stage action a minimal appendage to a mud slide of meaningless chatter. Malina and Beck being actors (of a kind) make words secondary to untidy jumbles of irrelevant stage activity. Albee's high point comes when, with Chairman Mao's utterances providing a counterpoint, a lady gives the audience a detailed description of her late husband's genitals. The Living Theatre touched its peak when it showed its audiences, centre stage, what Albee labours so earnestly to describe. Neither the sight nor the description is enough to make an evening in the theatre.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

The Grand Bahama of the Bahama Islands

Freeport, a large hunk of Grand Bahama Island, is programmed around the clock for pleasures: Golf courses curl around hotels, schools of fish jump out of the sea, the air smells of honeysuckle. At night, the International Bazaar and the gamblers light up like the Electric Circus. Flashy, booming, and almost antiseptically clean, Freeport clicks.

At Freeport there are two championship golf courses, Ruby and Emerald, bordering the King's Inn and Golf Club, an enormous complex with wings of rooms fanning out like bicycle spokes from a circular pool. Guests at King's Inn pay no greens fees. Early golfers often breakfast at the clubhouse overlooking the superb greens of either course they choose to play. Once a week, the club's team of pros puts on a show of golf shots, using every club in the bag.

For a change of play, the Bahama Reef course, flat and wide open, has the challenge of trouble-making thickets. The eighteen-hole course of the Lucayan Country Club is surprisingly hilly and more Pinehurst in North Carolina than Bahamian.

At the Grand Bahama Underwater Explorers Club at Freeport teams of master guides lead groups wearing scuba gear on reef trips, some descending to two-hundred-foot depths and some going on night dives. Novices train in a shallow pool, then in a windowed seventeen-foot tank before sinking into the open sea. The pungent smell of salt water permeates the club, its library, its specimen labs, the gymnasium, and sauna.

A shaggy, thatched-roof tram shuttles between the King's Inn and the hotel's beach and marina ten minutes away. In the shallow water where the wet sand is especially soft, schools of small fish move quickly. Out at sea, parrot-green dolphins circle swiftly around.

Startling as a desert mirage in the middle of Freeport are the tall Japanese gate and the pavilions with butterfly-glazed roofs of the International Bazaar with its foreign alleys and shops. There is a Hong Kong tailor shop; a Japanese steakhouse and tea garden; a Spanish restaurant; bellydancers at the Middle Eastern restaurant; Indians in saris selling in stalls; and at a sidewalk café French waiters serving omelettes.

At night, the gilded dome of El Casino, a tremendous gambling place, glows, and its four minarets light up pink. In its Kasbah, big-name entertainers perform; at its El Morocco, the quiet, dimly lit restaurant, there is exceptionally good food. Reservations necessary.

Grand Bahama, the fourth largest island of the Bahamas, is seventy-six miles east of West Palm Beach and one hundred miles north of Nassau, the capital city of the Bahamas. Northeast Yellowbirds run three flights every day from New York to Freeport, and, beginning December fifteenth, will add one more. Pan Am makes one nonstop flight every day. Round-trip fare New York to Freeport in first class, $232; in economy, $162; excursion fares for a stay of not over seventeen days flying in first class, $160; in economy class, $115.

Every Saturday beginning January fourth, the S.S. "Homeric" will sail from New York on seven-day cruises which stop for a day and a night both at Freeport and Nassau. A pleasant outside stateroom with shower, $335 for each of two persons.

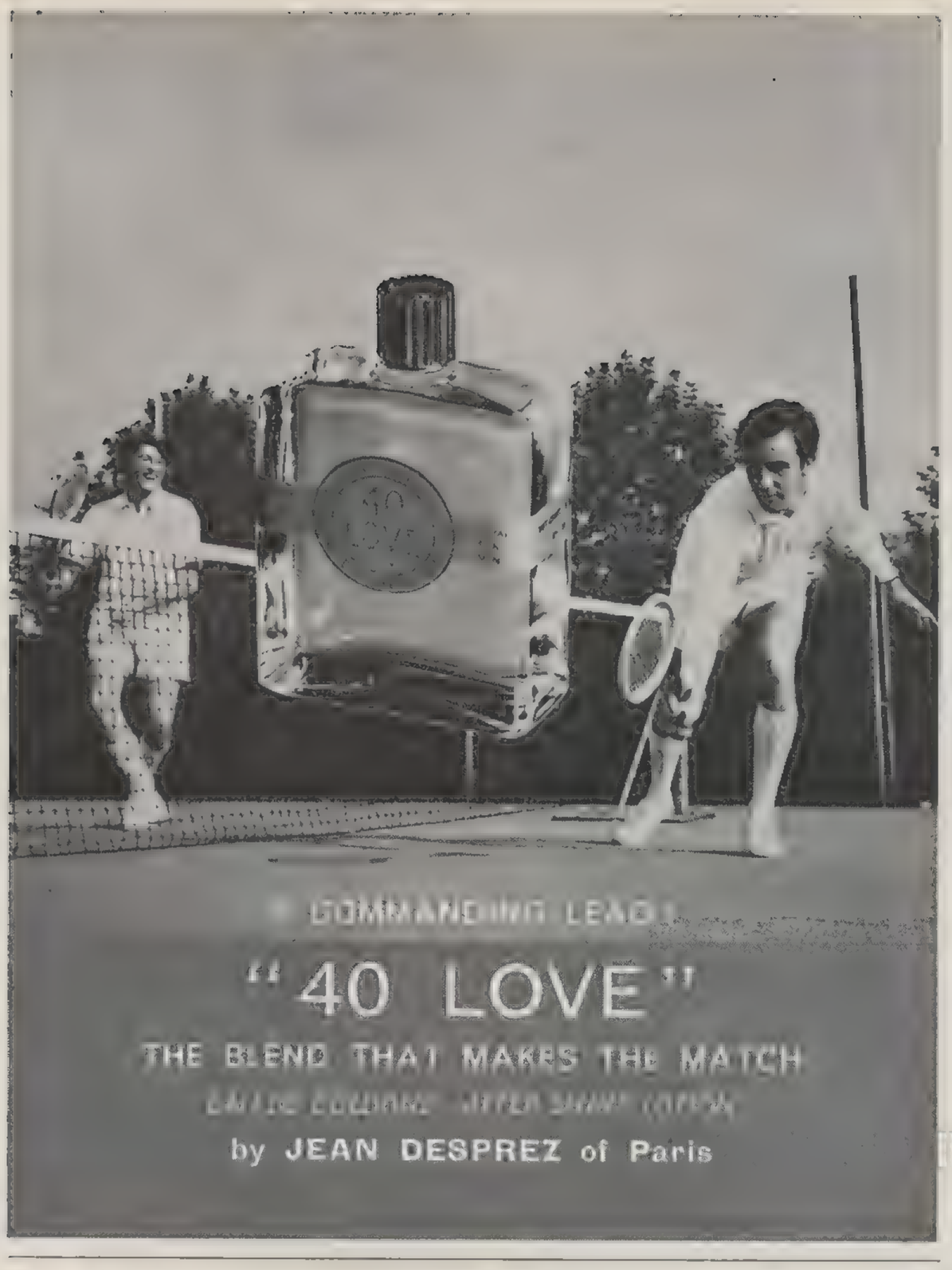


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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Subject Was Roses, "*searing*"

This has been a season for national styles in the movies—the Irish and the French stereotypes: How often have we been here before? Yet, in these days of cinematic razzle-dazzle, *The Subject Was Roses* comes almost with the shock of novelty. There are no camera tricks, no split screens, no jump cuts, no cute titles, no slow motion, no speedups, no dream sequences, not even any flashbacks. With what must be considered daring originality, Ulu Grosbard has simply filmed—largely in the Bronx—a solidly constructed, rather funny, rather sentimental play about the Bronx.

The film reports the first seventy-two hours in the Cleary household after young Timmy returns from World War II. The routinized affabilities of the family barely conceal passionate inner hostilities; and the reappearance of the only son brings years of accumulated resentment to the surface. The father and mother, long since walled off from each other, try in separate ways to restore the boy to familial bondages. Timmy is in turn courteous, remote, anguished, and defiant. After a searing weekend, with much Irish upbraiding, arguing, and shouting, he goes away again.

Some of the scenes—especially when the boy tells his father he loves him—come perilously close to soap opera. But the film is redeemed by the sardonic dialogue, with its mixture of exuberance and despair, and, above all, by the beauty of the acting. Jack Albertson, as the father, gives a performance which can only be described as superb. He is a middle-aged man with an elfin face, at once quizzical and tough; and every play of expression and intonation, every hunch of his shoulders, conveys the father's willfulness, arrogance, and terrible pathos. Patricia Neal is lovely and bitter as the mother; and, in the hardest part of all, Martin Sheen, as the son, does extraordinarily well in embracing a diversity of emotion within a continuity of character.

A Flea in Her Ear, "*Gallic confusions*"

A Flea in Her Ear is a nice, old-fashioned rendition of a nice, old-fashioned Feydeau farce—less funny than Feydeau's *Hotel Paradiso* on the stage with Bert Lahr but considerably funnier than *Hotel Paradiso* two years ago in the movies. A Paris hotel is, as usual, the centre of action; and there are all those predictable and complex late nineteenth-century Gallic confusions when husbands, wives, and lovers descend at the same time on the Hotel Coq d'Or.

But the best farces are choreographic in nature; they require the severe discipline of the proscenium framework and tend to wither away when exposed to great open spaces by the wandering camera. Jacques Charon has hardly given the film what my generation used to call the Lubitsch touch. The opening sequence of clichés about *l'amour* in Paris is particularly depressing.

Rex Harrison plays the part which thirty years ago would have gone to Maurice Chevalier (and may again tomorrow). Impeccably stylish in the Anglo-Saxon manner, Rex Harrison hardly survives his improbable first line: "I am proud to be a Frenchman." Rosemary Harris, on the other hand, is ravishing as his wife. Her delicate and delicious performance shows again that she is about the most gifted actress around. Still, despite Rosemary Harris, *A Flea in Her Ear* remains a mild diversion as if out of the thirties.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ANTHONY WEST

The Empty Space and *Theatre Notebook*, "*childish credulity*"

Peter Brook's *The Empty Space* (Atheneum) and Jan Kott's *Theatre Notebook* (Doubleday) are intimate glimpses into the minds of two of the leading ideologues of the new theatre. Though they can't be called fun, exactly, they do much to explain why the new theatre is turning out to be even more trivial and boring than the old commercial theatre at its worst.

Both writers speak reverently of Antonin Artaud and Brecht—neither man having the least hesitation in accepting the intellectual guidance of an incoherent lunatic in the first case and a cold fraud in the other. On the whole Artaud's sick notions—the foundation stuff of the theatre of cruelty—are to be preferred to Brecht's doctrines, since Artaud was genuinely mad, while Brecht was concerned with gulling people into putting their addled heads in the communist noose by making them believe that communism was the political expression of the warmhearted humanitarianism and innate nobility of the poor.

But if it can be urged in Artaud's favour that there was nothing phony about him, it also has to be admitted that he was very mad indeed. As he wasn't accessible to rational ideas, he constructed an ideal theatre in the image of his own disintegrated mental processes—that is to say, one in which all the channels of communication were visceral and instinctive, and in which nothing in the nature of coherent thought was called for.

This conception shows up in both the present works in the form of hankerings for an infantile or emotionally turned-on audience. Kott is rather more insistent in saying that childish credulity makes the perfect spectator than is Brook, but the latter tips his hand by saying that the frame of mind he hopes for in those who attend his productions is to be found at Haitian voodoo ceremonies at which the participants have been warmed up by five or six hours of preliminary drum banging and rum swilling. He also longs for audiences "as vivid" in their responses as the crowds at football matches and dog races.

Brook goes on to suggest that the theatre should get on and away from such meaningless and irrelevant old lumber as Mozart's *The Magic Flute* and should look for inspiration to the therapeutic psychodramas that are currently performed in the more with-it asylums. There's also a crumb of hope, he thinks, in Jerzy Grotowski's theatre of self-exposure in Poland. There the actor is required to think of all new rôles in terms of self-exploration, and of the performance as an opportunity for disclosing his own secrets. The inner richness of the actor is, Brook believes, something much more vital to us, today, than anything any creep of an author can get onto paper, particularly nowadays when authors are such—well—no-account people. The play, it seems, isn't the thing at all, it's the tensions created around it by the actors that count.

As for Jan Kott, he asserts that when the puppet master Obraztzov "put little wooden balls on his index fingers . . . his hands became puppets" and that the ensuing performance, in which one of the hands played Dostoevsky's Smerdyakov, was "one of the greatest artistic experiences of my life." As he says it, he must be presumed to mean it; but his ability to say it doesn't encourage one to put overmuch faith in his judgment.

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1027

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY BARBARA LONG

Paper Lion, "*best football documentary*"

Noticing all the writers at ringside for the Patterson-Liston fight in 1962, the late A. J. Liebling wryly observed that "placed before typewriters, the accumulated novelists could have produced a copy of the *Paris Review* in forty-two minutes." The accumulated novelists had taken too many psychological and allegorical liberties with the "sweet science" to suit Mr. Liebling. A punch is a punch, after all, and a hard punch to his solar plexus will make a strong man vomit from pain.

Despite their metaphysical excesses, however, writers *do* belong at any sport-as-ritual man devises to make his struggle for life real. Anything that frightens us can be dealt with in ritual and made acceptable to us. Americans turn more and more to football, which became our new national sport during the past decade. Walter Millis called football a pseudo-war, and another writer has called it the American war game. The analogies are there: war-readiness and massive retaliation. A passing game replaced the ground game just as air battle replaced land battle. War became mechanized. Football evolved into complex strategy, utilizing offensive-defensive specialists, and coaches keeping in touch with the action through key players wearing minute earphones within their Macedonian-warrior helmets. As ritual, football satisfies deeply because it not only condones but demands violence on *every* play, and when the final whistle blows, nobody lies dead and nobody will be punished for wanting to kill. (The great quarterback of the Baltimore Colts, Johnny Unitas, the man other teams try to cripple on every play, once said he sometimes wished he had a gun with him on the field.)

Against everybody's better judgment, George Plimpton, forty-ish and stick-like editor of the *Paris Review*, was allowed to go through training for four weeks with the Detroit Lions in July, 1963, and to quarterback a series of plays during an intra-squad exhibition scrimmage. (His loss of yardage amazed even his teammates.) *Paper Lion* producer Stuart Millar, director Alex March, and screenplay writer Lawrence Roman should have trusted Plimpton's book. Instead, they wrote in a girl and some other nonsense. One can sympathize with their old-time-Hollywood dismay, of course. Wisely they used the Detroit Lions: coach Joe Schmidt, offensive guard John Gordy, flanker Pat Studstill, defensive tackle Alex Karras, three-hundred-pound tackle Roger Brown, and more.

Alan Alda was a mistake. Although he looks somewhat like Plimpton, he registers too much neuroticism. He should have been as unobtrusive as possible. Plimpton has always returned from his trip-to-the-centre with one message: You can share their experience but you can not belong. Alda plays Plimpton as a petulant imbecile who thinks he could make the team.

Quite appropriately, the Detroit Lions steal the picture. *Paper Lion* contains one of the best football documentaries. The training sequences are excellent. Exhibition night is superb. The team suits up in the locker room, putting on grease, tape, braces, if necessary, and varying amounts of padding. Waiting for the game to begin, they grow noisily quiet. Some talk and some joke —but quietly. One young player stretches out on the floor and lies there with his eyes closed. Only after the game will he know if his reality was more painful than his fantasies. Plimpton mentions in his book that, after a game, pro football players shun their badly injured teammates.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Pop Music

BY RICHARD GOLDSTEIN

Buffalo campus, "my grandmother calls me a Communist"

It was late Friday night. I had come as part of a panel of rock critics to the Pop Music Festival at the State University of New York at Buffalo. But the campus was a Simon and Garfunkel nightmare of sterile sobriety. And the music went from murky to mediocre. First, Eric Andersen blushed his way past the Four Horsemen—war, famine, pestilence, and death—as only a bashful folk singer with cheek can; then Procol Harum sputtered where they should have stung. By concert's end, that faint homegrown aroma which I have come to associate with solid rock performances, had given way to the manufactured suave of after-shave. There was nothing to do but sit back and think high.

So it was that a despondent band of uprooted critics roamed the streets. Heeding the warnings we had received about downtown where George Wallace was, at that moment, haranguing the local Confederacy, we kept at first to the collegiate bars.

Then we came upon a much sleazier place. Adhesive tape over the cracked upholstery. No colour television and no Teflon-Colonial interior. The juke box blared a Cream standard; it was last year's contact high, but welcome on such a desolate night. We took a corner table, and in short order our presence had attracted a crowd of young regulars (most over eighteen, but barely). We braced ourselves for the usual assault (which begins with a crack about virility and ends in shattered glass). Instead, a local with gently sloping sideburns remarked to a professorial figure on my right: "Hey, you look like a poet I once met."

Relieved and repentant, we rapped for hours. The kid with the sideburns had "earned the right" to wear his hair long by painting his parents' bedroom. His hair was a crew cut by current New York standards. But it had already earned him a suspension threat at school. We talked about the War (nobody wanted to go), Canada (just across the bridge from Buffalo, but still "a long way to run"), the cops ("you can get busted here unless you show your papers on the street"), the infamous generation gap ("my grandmother calls me a Communist"), and, inevitably, Wallace ("You know how we name towns after Indians, when we kill 'em? Well, how about Hippie, New Mexico?").

Their pessimism was upsetting. They seemed so casually resigned to arbitrary authority. Only when we mentioned rock did the conversation become charged and reckless. What's Eric Clapton really like, and why don't they play the Fugs on the radio, and what's happening with the new Beatles album? They were starved for gossip but not for music. Obscure bass players and forgotten riffs were resurrected. The merits of a local blues band were duly debated. Every nuance of rock culture was dissected—even album jackets. The kid in the sideburns liked to draw his own. He gave his best work away to friends. They thought he was crazy. He laughed. "I don't know why I do it; I just like it. . . . Do you think it's crazy?"

Nothing that weekend—onstage or off—touched me as deeply as that moment. I had rediscovered something crucial about rock. To kids, it means contact with poetry, passion, change. And, like the man says, when the mode of the music changes, the walls of the city shake. Even in Buffalo.

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–Andrée Biallôt

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I wanted a perfume that would be like the flowers of the field, releasing its bouquet not in a short-lived burst, but slowly and gently and steadily throughout the day.

And so, no alcohol.

In its place, something quite different. (You will excuse me if I do not say exactly what; it is my secret.) With it is blended an extremely high concentration of essential oils. These essences are then placed within an *étui* of my own design, employing the principle of the aerosol but in a unique rectangular shape.

From within the *étui* you foam out a bubble the size of a large pearl and gently massage it deep into your skin. As your skin breathes, tiny fragrance blossoms are set free to bloom in the air. All the while, you enjoy the fragrance yourself, because your sense of smell has not been obliterated by a wave of alcohol.

I call my perfume *Partout*, which, in English, means Everywhere. I have prepared it in two utterly refreshing fragrances. A sophisticated floral which we call Fanfaron. And Sue Sue, a light and fresh and green floral.

For those wary of the new and unfamiliar (and often with cause, I must admit), I have also prepared spray *étuis* of Fanfaron and Sue Sue in the traditional way. In that form, they are the equal of any other perfume; beyond that, I make no extravagant claim for them.

Andrée Biallôt

Réalisé en France.



A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department V, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

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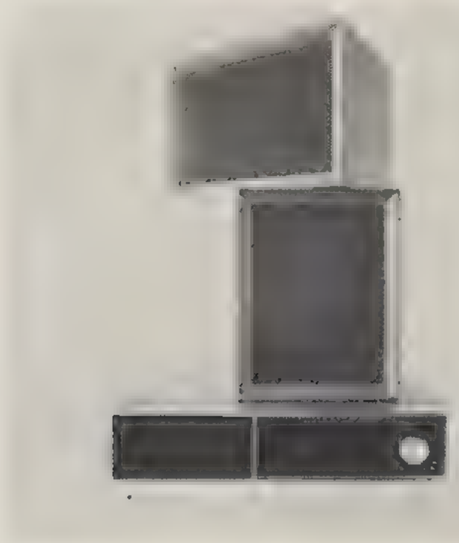


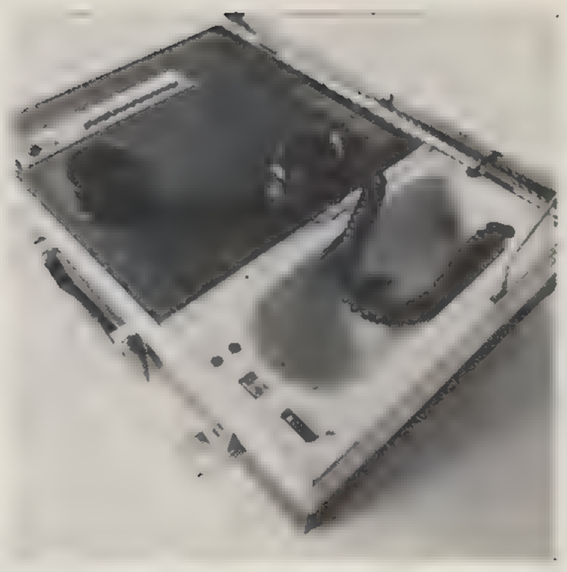
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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Man's newest gifts: to get, or give himself





Give himself? Why not? Maybe no one else would think of it. Like ***Joe Namath's mink coat.*** The Jets quarterback and offense captain satisfied a secret yen at Radley Furs with a soot-dark Blackgama mink, *below,* made for him and lined in vivid blue-and-white stripe silk. Expensive gift to oneself? Worth it, if you remember: a man will pay anything for what he really wants. Case for a great look without a great cash outlay, *right.* Pencil-slim, pitch-black furry coat by Worsted-Tex division of H. Daroff. Double-breasted, with a major collar, it's $125 at Broadstreet's, N. Y. C. and Wanamaker's, Phila.





DAVID MASSEY

High on the list of male fascinations, ergo, good gifts: communications gadgets to move as fast as he does. Two of the latest: Panasonic's "Symphony 8," *top left,* that compactly houses AM-FM tuner, FM stereo tuner, eight-track stereo tape, plus two speakers that are more agile than acrobats. They stack, separate, hang from walls at your will. $250. Liberty Music Shop. A ***"where-you-need-it" telephone,*** *centre left,* lodged in a briefcase. At nineteen pounds, works like a car's mobile phone, but goes along to meetings, in taxis, trains. Yours for life at $2,160 and an FCC license. Rentals, too. Check Portatronic Systems, 60 East 54th Street, New York 10022. ***Going means baggage:*** flexible, soft, unconstructed. Two that fit the bill, *right,* handmade in Italy of mocha calfskin, black and brown canvas-bound, bright brass fittings. Weekend size, $200; overnight, $185. Whitehouse & Hardy, N. Y. C.



PATRICK LICHFIELD

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NOVEMBER 15, 1968

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: WHY ARE THESE MEN SMILING?



ELISABETTA CATALANO

'Twas on the Isle of Capri that we found them, doing their thing with fun and camera. . . . Alexis Waldeck (*left*), Arnaud de Rosnay, and Patrick Lichfield, three chaps with plenty of cause for euphoria. Youth, vigour, good looks—they've all of that and more. They have pride in their work—so do we; this Vogue, to name just one issue, sparks with the talents of all three young photographers. They have dash and individuality. And style—about which, more later. . . . In a word, whatever it is that makes men attractive to women, they have it. About that, too, more to come in the pages ahead—men being a subject very close to the heart of this issue of Vogue.



Regatta shirtings—the romantic contenders at Henley

As swift oars roil the placid Thames water to bring their crew Henley's Grand Challenge Cup, other trophies are contended for along the river's green-lavished banks—lawn-party shirtings out to win the Royal Regatta by quite a length of coquetry. The Lady Sarah Courage, *above*, with Mr. John Moore, flirts spills of frills from throat and waist.
Shirt and skirt by Adelaar, in Fortrel and Supima cotton fabric by Wamsutta. Shirt, about $20; skirt, about $26.
Lord & Taylor; Filene's; Hutzler's; Rich's; Hudson's; Marshall Field; J.W. Robinson.
Handfuls of rings by Pakula. Necklace by Marvella. Tights by Roman Stripe. Slippers by Capezio.
Miss Martha Laycock, *left*, assumes an unruffled air although nothing could be more ruffled than the pantaloons adding their lacy tiers to shirting stripes and skirting ruffles. Mr. Moore steals a glance, if not a march. Shirt by Lady Manhattan, in Fortrel and Avril (Blends fabric). About $14. Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott. Dirndl by Saramac, in Dacron and cotton. About $12. Altman's. Eyelet hat by Adolfo. Rings by Sona The Golden One; necklaces by Pakula. Emily Wetherby neck cloth. Coiffures, on these ten pages, by Edward Owens of Lovetts, London. Men's clothes by Blades of Burlington Gardens, London. And, stretching far in the background of each page, the mile-long Regatta course.

The romantic contenders— freshly Edwardian

Miss Martha Laycock, *left*, less keen about eight-oar racing than Mr. Rupert Lycett Green, sports a deep-cuffed shirt with embroidery at guimpe and sleeve, a nine-tenths skirt with embroidery above flounce and hem. By Gregory, in Fortrel and cotton (Loomtex fabric), embroidery by Stylin. Shirt, about $22; skirt, about $32.
Lord & Taylor; Chas. A. Stevens; Neiman-Marcus; J.W. Robinson.
Hat brimming with ruffles, made to order by Adolfo.
The Lady Sarah Courage and Mr. John Moore, *right*, quite oblivious of the oarsmen straining along the river, rest on their own oars at the water's thicketed edge—Lady Sarah's blond hair blows romantically back from the high throatband of a ruched and ruffled shirt. By Adelaar, in Fortrel and Supima cotton fabric by Wamsutta. About $16.
Lord & Taylor; Filene's; Hutzler's; Rich's; Hudson's; Marshall Field; J.W. Robinson. On both pages, Marvella necklaces; Kramer rings.

PATRICK LICHFIELD





The romantic contenders— ruched and tiered

Lady McEwen, *left*, flaunts the courtly pink ribbon a lace-ruched shirt like this merits— pure prettiness above the ruffly nine-tenths skirt and the ruffly peek of pantaloons beneath. Shirt and skirt by Malbé, in Seltzer & Diamond cotton piqué. About $30 each. Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Lady McEwen, *right*, adds another coquettish trophy—the Blue-Riband sash fluttering down yards of goffered organdie tiers—while Mr. John Moore attempts to concentrate on his punting. Long-sleeved evening dress by Melba Hobson for Tannerway, in Sol Wolfman cotton. About $130, at Abercrombie & Fitch.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

The romantic contenders— flowered and tucked

Lady McEwen, *above*, with Mr. Rupert Lycett Green, picnic hamper, punting oars, *and* embroidered-organza flowers— romantically yoked on the shirt, romantically tiered on the skirt. By Malbé in Schiffli-embroidered Dacron organza. Shirt, about $28; skirt, about $45. Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus; L. Magnin. Hat, prettily shading more flowers, made to order by Mr. John. Miss Martha Laycock's flowers, *right*—the garden variety this time—are arriving with Mr. John Moore; her dress, perfect for a heroine receiving a bouquet, blows out lightly to the ground from a fine-tucked bodice with long and airy sleeves. Dress, in Swiss cotton, about $135. At Jax. Hat, with long flowered silk streamers, made to order by Mr. John.

PATRICK LICHFIELD



The romantic contenders– Blue-Riband shirtings

Miss Martha Laycock, *far left above*, ties on a Blue-Riband bonnet over shirt ruffles, skirt ruffles, and sashed pinafore. By Adolfo. White dress in Fortrel and Avril (Blends fabric). Blue-and-white pinafore in Fortrel and cotton (Dan River fabric). To order, Saks Fifth Avenue. Parasol: Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop. Rings: Cadoro.

Mrs. Rupert Lycett Green, *far left below*, follows the races from an offshore vantage point shared by her husband and the Honourable David Ward—her pretty Edwardian middy bobbined in Blue-Riband frills. By Gregory in white Fortrel and cotton (Blends fabric). Shirt, about $28: skirt, about $20. Lord & Taylor; Chas. A. Stevens; Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. Tights by Beautiful Bryans.

Miss Martha Laycock, *centre*, prefers to be high in the rigging of an ancient Oxfordshire tree—her own rig, white great-sleeved shirt and white bell-bottom pants. By Evan-Picone. Shirt, in textured rayon, about $16; pants, in Stevens Hockanum worsted crêpe, loomed in America; about $30. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Nordstrom Best.

Lady Victoria Yorke, *left above*, pauses and parasols with the Honourable David Ward—her deep-cuffed shirt and long skirt sprigged with garden blue. By Lady Manhattan, in white Fortrel and Avril fabric by Wamsutta. Shirt, $16; skirt, $30. At De Pinna. Parasol: Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop.

The Lady Sarah Courage, *left below*, being gallantly rescued from the wading deep by Mr. John Moore—not a splash of water on her lacy frills. Shirt by Melba Hobson for Tannerway; Arnel and cotton (Cohama fabric). $40. Abercrombie & Fitch. Laguna necklaces.

EVENINGS— THE LOOKS THAT WOW YOUR WORLD

These are the zingers now, to wear when the sun goes down—a great collection of clothes to put on this P.M. minute and enjoy to the hilt. Each, with its own interpretation of the news, its own ambience of smash and allure to make an evening memorable....

Enter gleaming, left, in a mid-calf coat of deep-black velvet with an arabesque border of gold threads, silver sequins. Heightening its mood: the big fur muff, the buckled boots. Coat by Deanna Littell, of Acele acetate and Enka rayon velvet (embroidered by Brody). At Henri Bendel; to order at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Reiss & Fabrizio black fox muff. Golo boots.

Gleam and float, right, in soft brown silk organza with a V-neck slashed almost to the waist, outlined by a weskit of pearl beads on gold braid. Sleeves flounced, skirt gathered. Touch of the West: the little white neckerchief. Dress by Oscar de La Renta; weskit embroidered with Lurex threads. At Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Jack Gilbert earrings. Emily Wetherby scarf. Coiffures, these and the next eight pages, by Ara Gallant.







AVEDON

EVENING LOOKS THAT WOW YOUR WORLD

The tiniest top, opposite, outlined in gilt and glitter, over a skirt with puffed fullness that falls to the ankles—all of white and gold brocade. Wow you might want to add—a matching brocade stole lined in sable. By Richard Tam, of wool, acetate, and silk, woven with Lurex threads (Abraham fabric). Dress at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. K. J. L. earrings. Herbert Levine shoes.

Train time, this page—a show of grandeur for a black velvet dress with a V-neck that dips below the waist, ties discreetly at the bosom. By Jon Hay; it's of cotton velvet (Amity fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Joske's Houston; Joseph Magnin. Michael Hie earrings. Herbert Levine shoes (buckles added).

EVENING LOOKS THAT WOW YOUR WORLD

Eyelet vinyl, right, silver and shiny, with cut-outs patterned after heirloom embroidery—amusing, enchanting, pure wow. Pants suit with side-closed tunic, straight narrow pants. By Galitzine, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Robert Originals earrings. Sandals by Paco Rabanne for Henri Bendel.

Misty mystic black, opposite—hip pants and a small brassière of black crêpe, a length of bareness between veiled by a floating black chiffon shirt. By Galitzine, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. K. J. L. earrings.

AVEDON





EVENING LOOKS
THAT WOW YOUR WORLD

Beads and fur, opposite, evening pyjamas of sheer frosty white, patterned in silvery beads. The transparent top, attached to the pants, wrapped with a bow-tied sash. Short beaded jacket, white Canadian fox for big fluffs of cuffs. By Jean Louis. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Herbert Levine sandals.

Chiefly Indian, right, a shirt and pants of white knitted crêpe, swinging with long white feathery fringe. Around the waist, an Indian beaded belt with dangling discs. Of Arnel and nylon (Blue Ridge-Winkler fabric). Junior sizes. About $100. By Michael Mott for Paraphernalia.

AVEDON

Evening fashions to wow at home—yours or someone else's—in brilliant light-as-air silk prints from the East.

The jump suit plus dress, left, with the Indian flair of print over print—sleeveless jump suit in dusky-brown shot with vivid orange flowers and trailing a long open float of over-dress, buttoned on one shoulder, in contrasting shades of brown. Worn here with golden serpents curling up the arm. Vogue Pattern 7294. Charka print jump suit; Indian silk print over-dress. Bracelets by K.J.L.; Whiting & Davis. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue.

The widest culottes in the whirl, right, spinning miles and miles of brown-and-red Japanese silk print. Vogue Pattern 1865 designed by Emilio Pucci. Plaque: Larry Reiter for the Andrew Geller Boutique. Both pages: Newton Elkin shoes. All fabrics from Far Eastern.

Pattern details, page 85.

VOGUE PATTERN 1865

FAR EAST PRINTS
THAT WOW YOUR WORLD

Sorbet-pale crêpe tunics belted over pants—
the out and out way to go out to dinner under
Southern skies now, Northern lights later.
Belted peach crêpe tunic, *left*, looking great with
pants one night, as a short dinner dress the
next—covered up and covered down, to high
neckband, snug cuffed wrists. Side-slashed tunic
and pants by Gino Charles of Avisco acetate and rayon
(Bloomsburg fabric). About $125. Lord & Taylor,
New York; Rich's; Higbee's; Joseph Magnin.
Napier pendant, Bonwit Teller.
Napier ring. Calderon belt. Battani sandals.
Belted pink crêpe tunic, *right*,
only a few romantic Steppes removed from a
Russian peasant's blouse—a soft glow of colour
from throatband to wrist and to the ankle
of matching pants.
Side-slashed tunic and pants, of acetate and viscose,
by Nina Ricci Prêt-à-Porter. About $130.
Henri Bendel; Burdine's. Belts by
Mimi di N, Monet. Coiffures, these four pages,
by Christiaan Houtenbos of Coiffures Americana.

OUT IN THE SUN-NIGHT

GO TUNICS AND PANTS



OUT IN THE SUN-NIGHT GO WHITE. GO COVERED

Covered-up lineny white, *left*, belting sharp coatdress lines—a row of golden buttons to dot the way. Dinner dress by Oscar de La Renta, in Welter rayon. About $225. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Marshall Field; Swanson's. Elegant belt. El Greco sandals, at Lord & Taylor. Covered-up white crêpe, *right*, revealing bits of navy blue—the bikini top and sash sun-nighting beneath a long-sleeved jacket and pants. Dinner turnout by Sport Sophisticates, in Avisco rayon and acetate (Onondaga fabric). Jacket, about $75; top, about $12; pants, about $55. All, Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Gidding-Jenny; Joseph Magnin. Ruza Creations ring. Battani sandals. On both pages: Vendôme earrings.

PENATI



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new promises of the new President-elect and the advent of change, engineered partly by voters who were often resentful if not bone angry. . . . The sweet roar of the Beatles singing soul music. . . . *The Key to Feminine Response in Marriage* by Ronald M. Deutsch who boldly suggests that the great key lies in the strength of the pubococcygeus muscle and then explains carefully, explicitly how to exercise that internal muscle known to medical men but rarely to women. . . . The twenty-two-year-old pianist André Watts, with his Afro haircut and his gentle expressive face, playing Liszt with both flashing muscular speed and Debussian coolness.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The thrust, the intricacy of the patterns of the superb paintings by Fernand Léger at the Perls Gallery in New York. . . . Brigit Nilsson who sings like a heldensoprano, pure, clean, and powerful in *Tosca* at the Metropolitan Opera which has allowed her to be so miserably directed at times that she spends part of her time on the floor, looking momentarily like Flipper. . . . The Aline Saarinen program *For Women Only* mornings on NBC-TV in which Mrs. Saarinen and her panelists are expert and unfailingly adroit on sex matters, mainly because their approach is direct and simple. . . . Two young singers with a new sound: Ed Askew—whose screeches resemble Donovan gone mad—and Erica Pomerance, a singer who is young, black-haired, and fresh, with a soft high register and a lower register that has the gut bloom of the strident German-cabaret songs of the thirties, especially when she sings with cracking bite about the student revolt in Paris and why it failed.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . IN LONDON . . . The new, recognized revival of interest all over England in the supernatural, the eerie, the spooky, in magic and Merlin; the babble at dinner tables of warlocks and witches, flying saucers and unidentified flying objects, Glastonbury, Camelot, and archaeology; and, linked to these last, the new literal use of the expression *to dig*. . . . Terence Stamp's new restaurant, The Trencherman, "down the far end of the King's Road past the Plexiglas and plastic palazzi" where the whole casts of hit plays turn up to celebrate, along with the rest of London. . . . Anna Carteret, twenty-five, the new face in the limelight at Britain's National Theatre, one of a cast of three in *The Advertisement*, a prize-winning play by Natalia Ginzburg directed by Sir Laurence Olivier.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new dotty English movie *Negatives* which is extraordinarily well photographed and acted by Peter McEnery, Glenda Jackson, and Diane Cilento, the plot line weaving around a young couple who can only have sex if they dress up in 1910 fashions, the man impersonating Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen, a modest physician who murdered his second wife, buried her under the floor of the coal cellar, and fled with his mistress who was done up like a bosomy boy, the girl fantasizing that she is the teasing wife in a big, veiled, flowery hat—that is until Cilento as a German photographer of enormous sexuality switches the man from Crippen to a fantasy about Baron Manfred von Richthofen, the great German flyer in World War I. . . . Marlene Dietrich whose own special lieder are lullabies, love songs, croons, and come-ons which she sings with gaiety, intelligence, calculation, and, above all, with amusement and emotion as she stands columned in sequins and slung with swansdown.

LIEUTENANT ARTHUR ASHE, U.S. TENNIS CHAMPION, A SHOW-STOPPER

Never unnerved, black, tall, amusing, thin, and attractive, with an Army haircut and a smile that is as slow and unexpected as a let ball, Lieutenant Ashe is the focus of a new surge of public fascination with tennis. He is the controlled master of a powerful battery of strokes, all of which he needed recently to win the first U.S. Open tennis singles championship soon after he won the U.S. Amateur singles championship. At the matches, audiences trust him because he confidently takes command of the field, making, like all great athletes, the complicated seem simple. Although he has no wild explosion of emotion like Pancho Gonzales, he does have an ace, unreturnable serve; the ace is the most efficient way to win since there is a total avoidance of interplay, no volley, and thus the elimination immediately on serve of any possibility of provoking an opponent's best efforts. When Lieutenant Ashe is not in tournaments—he is a member of the Davis Cup team which has just been playing in Puerto Rico—he is at West Point in data processing; that will end when he leaves the Army in February. Controlled, suspicious, aloof, he is a problem solver; and the problems he hopes to help solve go far beyond the tennis courts into the problems of the whole country. This champion wants to get into civil rights. That is where his passion lies.



MASTROIANNI AT HOME: IS HE?

BY FEDERICO FELLINI

Marcello Mastroianni still can't believe that it is really his house. He camps there as if he were a guest, neither a welcomed nor a pushy guest, but rather a shy and absent-minded one.

The same nonchalance, detachment, and docility that make of Marcello an intelligently responsive actor seem to be, when he is at home, the qualities of a character—a plausible but fictitious master of the house. Who knows if Marcello would object if suddenly someone with an authoritative manner should come, snap his fingers, and tell him curtly: "Enough. It's over. Get out."? I have the feeling Marcello might even be happy to leave. Perhaps some time he would return there at night with a friend and, vaguely pointing out the house, say: "I used to live there." And why don't you live there now? "Because one day a guy came over and told me to get out." And then, with his familiar air of the resigned victim, he would sigh.

If the walls of Marcello's villa could be carefully dismantled piece by piece, they would reveal the layers and shapes of the various houses that have been designed one on top of the other over the years. These layers represent not only Marcello's countless afterthoughts and indecisions—at the moment he is thinking of covering the garden with a huge Plexiglas dome—but also his unwillingness to own a finished house: His relationship to the house can be only organic. Who knows, perhaps he has some mysterious dread of the day the house is completed, of being forced into a more intimate relationship with something he is ultimately indifferent to.

A few weeks ago I asked Marcello to play himself in a short film that I was making for American television, and I asked him if we could shoot a few scenes in his house. A film crew, even the smallest, is like a plague of locusts, and it inevitably causes a mess, if not actual destruction. On the morning of the shooting, yards and yards of cables brutally mowed the grass, crashed among the bushes, crept under the furniture, swung from the roofs. Cranes and tripods were dragged through the garden, breaking branches, ploughing furrows in the ground. A dozen extras, following the script, spent the morning sprawled on sofas and chairs soaking up the host's apéritifs and liquor. Marcello's entire wardrobe was scattered about the garden: Coats hung from trees, jackets dangled from windows, furs were heaped on benches.

To say that Marcello witnessed that chaos with the restraint of the polite and generous host would be almost a dramatization of the truth and, besides, it would suggest a certain connection between Marcello and the place. But, no: He remained as calm and detached as ever and did what we asked him to, as if the house, the garden, the ancient ruins that surround it were cardboard constructions in a Cinecittà studio. Not only that, he left before we did, taking leave almost with the euphoria of a man who, knowing he has done his duty, is anxious to run home. But God knows where that is.

—TRANSLATION BY SIMONA MORINI

Marcello Mastroianni, who lives in a surprising new house edged up to old ruins in Rome, was photographed here in the garden—Japanese mannered in its patterns of rocks, its isolated bursts of planting—with, near right, *his wife, Flora, and,* far right, *Federico Fellini and Faye Dunaway; with her, Mastroianni has been making the non-Fellini film* A Place for Lovers.



UGO MULAS





DAVID SMITH IN 1935 PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL RUGILE

THE PRIVATE THOUGHTS OF DAVID SMITH

An exuberant, genial man of genius, David Smith "radiated energy, turbulence, and determination....There are many who already consider David Smith the most important sculptor America has produced." Those words were written by Cleve Gray, the painter who edited with care and admiration "David Smith by David Smith," published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. (At the top of his trajectory, Smith died alone in an automobile accident in 1965.) A unique document of an artist writing about himself primarily for himself, of an artist photographing his works the way he wants them to be seen, this book is total Smith. He came from Decatur, Indiana, where he was born in 1906, went to Ohio University and to New York's Art Students' League, with a stop that changed his life at the Studebaker factory working as a spot welder. As a painter, he began slowly, then in 1933 at Bolton Landing in upstate New York he started to weld "some things at Barney Snyder's garage." He never stopped. The world knows his sculpture, searching, aggressive, staunch.

You know who I am and what I stand for. I have no allegiance but I stand, and I know what the challenge is, and I challenge everything and everybody. And I think that is what every artist has to do. The minute you show a work, you challenge every other artist. And you have to work very hard, especially here. We don't have the introduction that European artists have. We're challenging the world...I'm going to work to the best of my ability to the day I die, challenging what's given to me.

My work day begins at 10 or 11 A.M. after a leisurely breakfast and an hour of reading. The shop is 800 ft. from the house. I carry my 2 P.M. lunch and return to the house at 7 for dinner. The work day ends from 1 to 2 A.M. with time out for coffee at 11:30. My shop here is called the Terminal Iron Works, since it closer defines my beginning and my method than to call it "studio."

At 11:30 when I have evening coffee and listen to WQXR on AM I never fail to think of the Terminal Iron Works at 1 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn and the coffee pot nearby where I went same time, same station. The ironworks in Brooklyn was surrounded by all night activity—ships loading—barges refuelling—ferries tied up at the dock. It was awake 24 hours a day, harbour activity in front, truck transports on Furman St. behind. In contrast the mountains are quiet except for occasional animal noises. Sometimes Streevers' hounds run foxes all night and I can hear them baying as I close up shop....

After 1 A.M., certain routine work has to be done, cleaning up, repairing machines, oiling, patining, etc. I tune in WOR and listen to Nick's, Café Society, Eddie Condon's, whoever is on. After several months of good work, when I feel I deserve a reward, I go to N.Y., to concerts at YMHA, Gallery shows, museums, eat seafood, Chinese, go to Eddie's, Nick's, 6th Ave. Cafeteria, Artists Club, Cedar Tavern, run into late up artists, bum around chewing the fat, talk shop, finish up eating breakfast on 8th St. and ride it as hard and as long as I can for a few days, then back to the hills.

My reverence for iron is in function before technique. It is the cheapest metal. It conceptually is within the scale of my life. And most important, before I knew what art was I was an ironmonger. The iron element I hold in high respect. I consider it eidetic in property. The metal particularly possesses no art craft. What it can do in arriving at form economically—no other element can do.

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VOGUE, November 15, 1968

I feel no tradition. I feel great spaces.
I feel my own time. I am disconnected.
I belong to no mores—no party—no religion
—no school of thought—no institution.
I feel raw freedom and my own identity.
I feel a belligerence to museums, critics,
art historians, aesthetes,
and the so-called cultural forces in a
commercial order.

There is nothing in art that there wasn't
some of before.

The Landscape

I have never looked at a landscape without
seeing other landscapes

I have never seen a landscape without
visions of things I desire and despise

lower landscapes have crusts of heat—
raw epidermis and the choke of vines

the separate lines of salt errors—the
monadnocks of fungus

the balance of stone—with gestures to grow

the lost posts of manmade boundaries—
in moulten shade a petrified paperhanger
who shot the duck

a landscape is a still life of Chaldean
history

it has faces I do not know....

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define technique

technique is what belongs to others

technique is what others call it when
you have become successful at it

technique as far as you are concerned
is the way others have done it

technique is nothing you can speak about
when you are doing it

it is the expectancy of impostors
they do not show a
respect for themselves
or for what they are doing

When I lived in Ohio, I had a very vague sense of what art was. Everyone I knew who used that reverent word was almost as unsure and insecure.

(Continued on page 198)

"CUBI XXIV (GATE 1)," STAINLESS STEEL, 1964
OWNED BY THE MUSEUM OF ART, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH, PA.
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID SMITH

VOGUE, November 15, 1968

"GREECE GODS AND ART"

THE ROBERT GRAVES INTRODUCTION TO A STRIKING NEW BOOK ON THE ETERNAL GREEK CONSPIRACY TO INTENSIFY RESPONSE TO MYTHS, ART, AND LIFE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Robert Graves, famous for his poetry and for his deep knowledge of myth, wrote this introduction to the new, rare, and continuously dazzling book* Greece, Gods, and Art *in which Alexander Liberman has recorded through 160 photographs, 150 of them in colour, his profound feeling that "The Greek experience, the voyage, the contemplation of Greek art help us, like a religious retreat, to clarify and re-examine our thoughts about art and life at a time when the standards and tastes of our own civilization are changing drastically." In an essay in the book, he added: "The separate visions of the sea, the land, the architecture, the sculpture —the full range of the Greek experience—ultimately become welded into one unforgettable whole. . . . Through the centuries religious inspiration has been the core of Greek art." Published by The Viking Press, the book includes further texts and commentaries on the photographs by the archeologist Iris C. Love.*

Most of the ancient Greeks were farmers in the winter months but became sailors in the summer as soon as the Pleiades had risen. They inherited from the highly civilized Cretans, earlier immigrants of North African and Western Semitic stock, a trade Empire extending on both sides of the Mediterranean from Syria to Spain. Their own ancestry was similarly mixed, including neolithic "aborigines," perhaps also from the Middle East, and Indo-European pastoralists from beyond the Caucasus. But whereas the Cretans had been content with the use of small offshore islands as trade depots, the Greeks formed a habit of founding colonies dependent on mother cities from which excess of population drove them, myrtle branch in hand. These colonists civilized the barbarous hinterland of the shore they had chosen for settlement.

After thirty years in Spain, France, and other parts of the former Greek Empire—especially Majorca, originally colonized by the Rhodians—and occasional stays in Egypt and Palestine, I at last visited Greece proper: recognizing it at once as the true cultural centre of the Mediterranean. The Greeks have always stubbornly remained themselves despite a long humiliating incorporation in the Roman Empire, the suppression by the Byzantine Church of their ancient worship, exploitation by the greedy Venetians, and nearly five hundred years of barbarous Turkish rule. Somehow they kept their ancient language and alphabet, which is more than one can say of any other Mediterranean people—even Israeli Hebrew is a literary revival, not the native tongue of Palestine since Biblical times. Moreover, Greece had taken over the whole Celestial Empire from Babylon and Egypt, renaming its stars: which still continue Greek despite the attempted intrusion of Roman Emperors, Christian saints, and Moslem heroes. The ancient Greek colony of Iope, later Joppa, now Jaffa, a suburb of Tel Aviv, staged the famous myth of Perseus, Andromeda, Cepheus, Cassiopeia, and Draco, whose story spreads over half the night sky. The constellation Hercules similarly recalls not only the Greek colony of Herculaneum on the slopes of Vesuvius, but the two Pillars of Hercules, now renamed Gibraltar and Ceuta. Berenice, whose hair Father Zeus translated to the Heavens, was a Ptolemaic Greek queen of Egypt.

Since Greece is a small country, broken up by deep gulfs, ridged with crisscross mountains, and surrounded by many scores of islands, its national spirit was never that of a horde, as among Northern forest peoples, or of subjects to a divine tyranny as in Mesopotamia or Egypt, but a family spirit of independent loosely federated city-states, each with its own government, coinage, armed forces, festivals, customs, myths. Frequent quarrels occurred between states, but they were always kept in the family and seldom fought to the death. The four-yearly Olympic Games Festival imposed a truce even in war. This state of things continued until Alexander the Great, King of Macedon, a semibarbarous state in Northern Greece, decided to conquer the Far East, rather than consolidate the Greek colonial Empire, as his father King Philip —a brilliant military tactician—had intended. So he brought the whole of Greece under his autocratic rule and broke the ancient principle of individuality and diversity, in the name of national cohesion.

Each city-state had guarded its myth (Continued on page 198)

Part of the marble frieze of dancing girls, tender, their hands touching, from the Temenos on Samothrace. In their mannered grace, their almost still draperies, the young dancers may be part of a ritual, perhaps a sacred wedding; their date, between 340 and 330 B.C., suggests that their sculptor was inspired by an earlier archaic style. Samothrace Museum.



THE PRIVATE THOUGHTS OF ANDRÉ

EXCERPTS FROM THE FAMOUS "ANTI-MEMOIRS" OF FRANCE'S MINISTER OF CULTURE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Archeologist, soldier, art historian, statesman, novelist, author of some of the most distinguished literature of this century, André Malraux has for ten years been Minister of Culture in the French Cabinet. His new book,* Anti-Memoirs, *translated by Terence Kilmartin and published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, fuses, as Malraux's life has fused, his extraordinary careers as a man of action and as a man of thought. In this excerpt from* Anti-Memoirs *he describes his capture in 1944 by the Germans when he fought with the French Resistance under the pseudonym of Colonel Berger. This name, chosen for him because it can be either French or German, had for Malraux, curiously, a special resonance: It was the name he had chosen for the family, modelled closely after his own, about whom he wrote a novel,* La Lutte des Anges. *Only a portion of* La Lutte *was ever published, for the rest was destroyed by the Gestapo.*

"Freedom must be sought behind prison walls," Gandhi and Nehru had said. Mine had not quite been prisons, or had not been prisons for long. There had been the camp in 1940, from which I had escaped easily, in spite of my shoes being too small: a vast meadow turned into a compound, the pink glow of dawn, carts on the road on the other side of the barbed wire, bloodstained tins of food, shacks built of squat beams, drainpipes, and branches, in which soldiers sat, hunched up like Peruvian mummies, writing letters that would never be sent.

1944 had been more serious. My comrades, arrested by the German security forces, usually the Gestapo, had gone to their deaths by way of the familiar channels; whereas I had been captured in uniform by the tanks of the *Das Reich* division.

My prisons begin with a field. I regained consciousness on a stretcher laid on the grass and held by two German soldiers. Under my legs, the canvas was soaked with blood. They had put together a makeshift dressing over my trousers. The British officer's body had disappeared. In the car were the still bodies of my two comrades. A German was removing the pennant. My stretcher bearers set off for Gramat, escorted by an NCO. It seemed far.

I had gone to arbitrate a dispute between a Buckmaster maquis [Colonel Maurice Buckmaster, head of the French Section of SOE (Special Operations Executive), the British organization responsible for planning resistance in occupied Europe] and an FTP maquis. [*Francs-tireurs et Partisans:* Communist-led resistance network.] On the way back—twenty minutes earlier—we had been dozing as we approached Gramat, with our Cross of Lorraine pennant flapping in the warm breeze. A sudden volley of firing, the rear window shattered, and the car slewed round and plunged into a ditch. The driver had been killed instantaneously by a bullet in the head as he put his foot down hard on the brake. The escort lay slumped over our weapons. The British officer jumped into the road to the right and fell, both hands red with blood clutched to his stomach. I jumped to the left and ran, my legs numb after three hours' driving. A machine gun was firing at me; the car shielded me from another. A bullet cut through the knee strap of my right legging which flapped loose, still attached by the foot strap. I had to stop to rip it off. A bullet in the right leg. The pain very slight. Only the blood told me I had been hit. Then a terrible wrench in the left leg.

The two men, who were carrying me like a parcel, did not look at all unpleasant. There would be others. It was extraordinarily absurd. How could the Germans be in Gramat?

Everything was going to end here, God knew how, at the end of this road above which the radiant July sky seemed to be fixed in eternity, while the peasants watched me as I went by, their hands crossed on their spade handles, and the women made the sign of the cross as at a funeral procession. I would not see our victory. What was, that would ever be, the meaning of this life? But I was drawn on by a grim curiosity about what lay in store for me.

From the first houses onward, the street was lined with tanks. The French watched me go by with anguish, the Germans with surprise. My porters went into the office of a garage. An NCO questioned the one who was escorting me. Then, "Your papers!"

They were in the pocket of my tunic, and I reached them without difficulty. I held out the wallet and said: "They're false."

Without taking the wallet, he translated. The two NCO's stared at me like a couple of hypnotized hens. The stretcher bearers set off again. This time we went into a small barn. The stretcher was put down on its folding legs. The Germans left. A key turned in the lock. There was a sentry outside the narrow window. I tried to sit up on the stretcher. My left leg was giving me hardly any pain. I felt very dazed. I must have lost a lot of blood, for it was still flowing, in spite of the handkerchiefs knotted round my thighs.

The silhouette of the sentry presented arms. The key turned. And an officer who looked like Buster Keaton came in.

"How sad for your poor family! You are a Catholic, are you not?"

"Yes."

It was not the occasion for a lecture on agnosticism.

"I am the Catholic chaplain."

He looked at the bloodstained handkerchiefs. "How sad for your poor family!"

"The Passion can't have been very pleasant for Christ's family, Father. Not that I'm Christ."

He looked at me, more stupefied than I was. But in his case it was stupidity. "You have children?" he asked.

"Unfortunately. Am I to be tried or not?"

"I don't know. But if you have need of the consolations of religion, you can call for me."

He opened the door, a black shape against the still dazzling sky. Then, by way of valediction, "All the same, how very sad for your poor family."

A queer sort of chaplain, or a queer sort of religion. A bogus priest

MALRAUX



The French Resistance leader Malraux as Colonel Berger in World War II

PHOTOGRAPH FROM "MALRAUX PAR LUI-MÊME" B. G. PICON—COLLECTION "ECRIVAINS DE TOUJOURS," ED. DU SEUIL

would at least have asked questions.

An NCO beckoned me outside. The yard was full of soldiers. I was able to take a few steps. He made me face the wall, hands leaning against the stones above my head. I heard a command: "*Achtung,*" and turned round. I was facing a firing squad.

"Slope arms! Present arms!"

It is customary to present arms to those who are about to be executed. A recent dream came back to me. I was in the cabin of a liner, and the porthole had just been ripped away; water was pouring in; faced with the irremediable fact that my life was over, that it would never be other than what it had been, I burst into an endless peal of laughter (my brother Roland died shortly afterward in the sinking of the "Cap-Arcona"). I had had several brushes with violent death.

"Take aim!"

I stared at the heads bent over the rifle sights.

"At ease!"

The soldiers put their rifles under their arms and sauntered off with disappointed smiles.

After all, why could they not have fired *round* me? No one else would have been endangered: I was standing against the wall. Why had I not really believed in death? I had seen it in a much more threatening form on the Gramat road. I had had neither the feeling, which I know well, that someone is going to shoot at me, nor that of imminent separation from life. I remember once telling Saint Exupéry, who had asked me what I thought of courage, that it seemed to me a curious and banal consequence of the feeling of invulnerability. Saint Ex had concurred, though not without surprise. The comedy in which I had just taken part had not touched this feeling in me. Were its aura, its ceremonial directly associated with death? Perhaps we believe in death only when a companion falls at our side? I went back to my barn, where I was now beginning to feel at home, and lay down again. A second lieutenant came in with two soldiers who picked up the stretcher. We went out. The second lieutenant was not a young officer: over forty, big, erect, red-faced, and rugged-faced, his head shaven. Soon he was walking in front of the stretcher, and I could see only his back.

We were going to the first-aid post. A nurse looked at me with hatred. The medical officer and the orderlies, who had seen others like me, dressed my wound with care. The stretcher moved off again. We went down into a cellar. I knew what cellars were used for. "It will be a hard day," Damiens used to say. [Robert François Damiens was tortured to death for attempted regicide after stabbing Louis XV with a penknife in 1757.] No. We came up again, went on for about half a mile—and Gramat is not a big town. Tanks everywhere. The inhabitants withdrew before the stretcher. We reached a somewhat isolated farm and went into the storage shed. A harrow, rakes, wooden pitchforks. I had seen these ageless storage sheds during the 1940 campaign, but it had not struck me then how much these implements, particularly the harrow, look like instruments of torture. The procession moved off again, stopping twice more in similar places. I had the impression that we were in search of a suitable torture chamber. Evidently the soldiers were assembled, for none were to be seen. Solitude, a town inhabited by sleeping tanks, houses furnished with pitchforks, and harrows to hang corpses on. Five minutes later, my porters stopped.

"*Kommandantur,*" said the second-lieutenant.

It was the Hôtel de France. The maquis had its postbox here. The Germans had just evacuated the reception office, but the manageress was at the pay desk. White hair, regular features, whalebone collar: a boarding school headmistress. I had seen her twice before.

"Do you know him?" the German asked, on the off chance.

"Me? No," she answered absently, almost without looking at me.

"And you?" he asked me.

"The maquis don't put up at hotels, unfortunately!"

The office connected with the little hall through a swing door. The second lieutenant sat down behind the desk. The stretcher bearers put me down on the black and white tiles without unfolding the supports of the stretcher. A soldier came in, notebook in hand, examined me with more curiosity than hostility, and sat down on the officer's left. The street was narrow, and the lamps were already lit. The clerk, with his protruding chin and forehead, looked like a haricot bean; the interrogator like a sparrow—nose in the air, little round mouth. He did not seem very German, except for his close-cropped red hair, completely shorn above his ears, which stuck out from his head. They had both made themselves comfortable.

"Your papers?"

I stood up, took one step forward, and held out my wallet. I lay down again at once: I was beginning to feel faint. Nevertheless, my head was clear, for the game had begun.

"I told your colleague that those papers are false."

The old sparrow looked at them carefully. Identity card, car license, other trivia in the name of Berger. A thousand or so francs in notes. A photograph of my wife and son. He made them into a little pile, which he put next to the wallet.

"You speak German?"

"No."

(Continued on page 195)

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SPEAKING OF MEN...

BREAKFAST

THE SECRET OF MALE SUPREMACY?

Speaking of men—and we are: see pages 150-165—they often display an astonishing, probably instinctive grasp of the rules that govern health and well-being, and their direct sequel, good looks . . . rules that even the most beauty-conscious women blithely ignore. Take—as a case in point—the Good Breakfast. Everyone knows that breakfast starts the day well or badly, rightly or wrongly, depending on whether it's adequate or skimpy; that it refuels the system after the night; that it's the least desirable meal to skip, if you must skip one. Yet what do most women do? Rush out of the house with a cup of black coffee, or nothing at all, aboard. Result—a quick energy fadeout before lunch, a face also fading under the makeup. . . . And what do most men do? Eat a jolly good breakfast, that's what. We know, because we recently inquired about the breakfast intake of several notably attractive men—known not only for their charm but for their energy, their trim, un-flabby figures, their general air of fitness and verve. The answers we got were sometimes surprising, always refreshing; we list, here, three of the most picturesque. . . .

H. R. H. the Duke of Windsor eats no lunch, but he does have a hearty, late breakfast which is—in essence—that glorious institution, the English country-house breakfast. A few French or American overtones may be added, depending on whether the Duke and Duchess are in Paris or New York, or at their country place in France. "Breakfast always starts with a glass of grapefruit juice," the Duchess writes, and there are "endless cups of tea during the meal. Two vitamin pills after, if remembered." Some of the Duke's favourite breakfast menus follow. . . . 1. Scrambled eggs with creamed haddock; scones. 2. Chicken hash with bacon and corn muffins. 3. Jones sausage, or sausage patties, with mashed potatoes; brioche. 4. Kedgeree of turbot, salmon, haddock, or other fish, with curry sauce and chutney; the chutney must be made of mangoes, and must be heated. With this, a kind of flat biscuit called *galette indienne*. 5. *Quenelles*—small forcemeat dumplings—of sole, with melted butter and rice. 6. Eggs fried with cream; bacon, and *croissants*. 7. Filet of sole fried with breadcrumbs and melted butter; scones. 8. *Boudin blanc*, French white sausage—or, in America, German white sausage—with mashed potatoes. 9. Poached haddock with eggs country style; rice, melted butter. 10. A small omelette filled with creamed chicken hash. . . . The Duchess adds, "Always some kind of bread or toast and orange marmalade." . . .

Does **Yul Brynner** start the day with a cup of black coffee? Yes, but that's far from the whole story. A trusted associate reports that "he has been known to eat a small-size roasted chicken" for breakfast, or even, on occasion, "a leg of lamb of medium size." Another morning he may have "scrambled eggs, cooked breast of chicken very firm, with a large scoop of caviar on the side." And on hurried mornings, "a piece of pineapple with cheese." . . . **Richard Adler,** the composer and lyricist *(Pajama Game, Damn Yankees)*, and executive of the John F. Kennedy Centre for the Performing Arts, is, by his own account, "a man of extreme changes and moods," and his breakfast pattern reflects it. His working-day breakfast is ascetic, almost Spartan: a glass of unsweetened grapefruit juice, three cups of black coffee, perhaps another half of fresh grapefruit, and sometimes a poached egg. (When asked, Why so much grapefruit? he said, "I like it and it's slimming.") But on holidays or festive occasions, the whole tempo picks up. Immediately on arising, he has a lovely chilled glass of Dom Perignon; this is followed by chicken livers lightly broiled with butter—he likes them not well-done, but slightly pink—and truffles. (The truffles can be either fresh or canned, depending on where he is.) Then more champagne, sometimes a glass or two, sometimes the rest of the bottle. Mr. Adler stresses that this gala breakfast is a once-in-a-while thing.

MADAME XAVIER GIVAUDAN IN THE REALM OF WONDROUS FURS

Furs so wondrous they join New York and Paris to the *conte de fée* world of princes and princesses, coaches and castles that rise from Perrault pages at bedtime and colour nursery dream-hour nights. Guided by just such an enchanting little storybook prince, her little friend, Madame Xavier Givaudan explores this near-fantasy realm of furs, her tilted hazel eyes and tawny rush of hair making the whole fairy tale come true . . . on these five pages. Coming true here, *right*, chevron-striped chinchilla wraps Madame Givaudan in zigzag splendour—ending inches above the ankle in a pointedly uneven hem. Coat by Ritter Bros., in Empress chinchilla. At Rich's; Chas. A. Stevens; Bullock's-Wilshire. Boots by François Villon. Princely little boy's shirt from L'Enfantillage, Paris. Madame Givaudan's coiffures by Carita.



WONDROUS FURS - KAMCHATKA, RUSSIAN SABLE

Right: Madame Givaudan's shining good looks gleam in a flurry of fur—the wide-belted Kamchatka fox coat streaks from hood to mid-calf...and its deep thick piles nestle the storybook prince. Coat by Chombert for the Minerva Collection at Evans, Chicago. Charles Jourdan leather boots. *Far right:* Marvel of sable, marvellous here with Madame Givaudan's racy ease—the capelet circles down to the elbow, the coat to nine-tenths length... lingering a moment, the little Perrault prince feeds magic crumbs to the swans. Cape-coat made to order by Maximilian, in natural Russian Crown sable. Shining vinyl gloves by Cardin.





WONDROUS FURS—SNOW LEOPARD AND WOLF, THE MINK SHIRT

Below: Muffling Madame Givaudan against the dawn of a winter sky, a snow-leopard collar and sleeves spot-pelt deep drifts of wolf; the coat clears the knee by inches for a good long look at taupe-grey thigh boots. Coat by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon: Saks Fifth Avenue. Boots by David Evins. *Right:* Never-ever-before white collar and cuffs—mink ones on a dark mink shirt—fresh as linen with shiny leather jeans and Madame Givaudan's lean leggy dash...her princely little guide always there to hop-skip-show the way. Shirt jacket by Alix-andre, in Saga natural Aleutian mink from Scandinavia trimmed in Saga white mink. At Saks Pasternak; I. Magnin. Brown leather jeans from the Bob Shop, Paris.

DE ROSNAY





HELP IS ON THE WAY

It's not unlikely that you need instant help. Your summer tawniness has turned to gold —antique gold. November—the month to which one famous group of dermatologists has awarded the booby prize for hair (at its thinnest now) and fingernails (batting .000 now)—well, you seem to be out to prove that the doctors aren't just talking through their medical hats. As for your figure—unless you're a Paragon Exerciser, a Paragon Dieter, it's been expanding unsportingly since Labor Day. . . . Here, and in Beauty Checkout, page 66, is promised help. As anybody who has ever been to a doctor knows, the personality of the helper is a pertinent factor in the cure. Charming helpers described here happen to have New York addresses. But within driving distance of your own back yard there probably lurk non-New York helpers, yearning for the opportunity to understand you—quickly. Phone, wire, don't write. . . .

INSTANT FIGURE HELP. *The promise: Within one week one inch less of you where you want to be one inch less.* The helper: Miss Craig. . . . "She had a good figure when I met her twenty years ago, but today it's great." Always moving to hear that sort of thing, especially when it applies to a woman who has been guiding other people in body improvement and figure dazzlement for some thirty years. In the line of exercise teachers, one does like a self-advertisement. . . . That's Elizabeth Arden's Miss Craig, supervisor of the Body Department at the red-doored New York Arden salon. You've heard so long about Miss Craig as the stern taskmaster who keeps the Beautiful People in their Beautiful Shapes that you might expect to encounter a craggy Master Sergeant in WAC uniform. So you are at first taken aback, very shortly melted into craven obedience, by this eager, thoughtful, really fetching blond girl—5′ 6½″, 115 lbs.—whom you once thought you could describe as "venerable." She has the taut arms and thighs of your eighteen-year-old daughter. "You don't get those by exercising, that's heredity," you observe smartly. "Of course you can tighten your upper arms and legs," she replies in her pleasant clip of a voice. "Unless you've been putting on and taking off such vast amounts of weight that the flab is difficult. Even then, you can help it by exercise." . . . You refer her to your own outstanding problem, outstanding indeed immediately above and below your navel. "Exercise will take care of that, but you could improve your profile immediately by standing correctly." Miss Craig has five key phrases for posture exercise. *Waist back. Ribs up. Ears up. Shoulders back and down. Relax.* How do you hold your ears up? You play that someone is holding the top of your ears, thus stretching your neck up away from your shoulders, while you are keeping your chin at a right angle to your neck. . . . Miss Craig has clients who, without dieting, have lost an inch from various parts of their body after thirty minutes a day of her program for two weeks. Combined with diet, in one week. . . . Since Miss Craig gives only private lessons, she is booked up months ahead. But due to the exciting lives that Beautiful People live, there is always a cancellation, so phone up and get on her waiting list. Meanwhile, you can start the program at home with her new book, *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program,* Random House, $6.95. (*$12 a 30-minute private lesson, Elizabeth Arden Salon, 691 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022. Tel. 759-2940.*)

INSTANT HAIR HELP. *The promise: One-visit head therapy, great for the hair, good for the mind.* The helper: Marc Sinclaire. . . . Tall, slim, with honest blue eyes and sandy hair, Marc Sinclaire presides over Marc's Place, an oasis of calm beneath the Charles of the Ritz salon where Miss Annette is his deputy— (Continued on page 197)

NOW: HOW DOES SHE FOLLOW THIS ACT?
Girl there at the left—
she's coiled and ready to spring:
hopefully into a perfume as wily as the
serpentine shenanigans on her head and
arms. What is this perfume apt to be?
Estée. Estée Super Perfume.
New to the world, but not to Estée Lauder,
who has seen it through a seven-year
gestation period, said "No" to 300 trial runs,
before this one extracted a "Yes."
Why did this one get the nod?
Perhaps because it's brilliant,
but like a canny woman,
gentle about projecting its radiance;
languidly sensual on the surface,
but clearly churning with energy
that can hardly wait to be spent.
Why is it called Estée *Super* Perfume?
Because its cunning composition fits into
no existing category of fragrance,
is said to contain more essential oils,
the better for instant impact, lasting
deviousness. Compatible with any skin,
it takes a highly personal stand.
Estée Super Perfume delivers *your* message.
And what it does in its precious way,
Estée Super Cologne does more splashily.
The serpents the girl, *left,* is all
wound up with: the jewellery of the hour,
gold snakes by Zolotas, at Bonwit Teller.
Hair by Carita. Makeup by Estée Lauder.

bulletin FOR MEN

THE WINE DIET: it understands men

What's got the guts, the dry wit, the sweet rewards that adds up to the understanding of mankind? Womankind, of course, but beyond that kind . . . well, read on. Take Léon Zitrone, famous interviewer-reporter, big man in French television. Too big, he decided. At 54, 6′2″, 260 pounds. Russian-born, English-educated, he speaks many languages with equal authority, receives 200 love letters a week. Variously described as a storm, a hurricane, a squall, he creates at home such an electric atmosphere that his wife and children, who adore him, are reported to have to disappear several days each month to get a rest. Anarchy presided over his food. Nonstop consumer of snacks, sandwiches, beer, a shape-up drink before broadcasting, plus three generous meals a day. "Almost two pounds of meat did not frighten me at lunch."

Two things prompted him to take the diet plunge. For one, his insurance company. For two, racehorses, one of his vast assortment of passions—"I noticed that the less they weigh, the faster they run." . . . He made what he calls a gentleman's agreement with Dr. A., psychologist, gerontologist, dietician. "Be lenient," he begged, "and I'll be good." Four months and sixty-pounds-less later, each had clearly kept his gentlemanly part of the bargain.

Dr. A. adapts his diets to each patient's physical and mental condition, gives them from two daily meals to six. For Léon Zitrone, he prescribed three. *Breakfast:* Black coffee or tea. Hard-boiled egg. Grapefruit juice. *Luncheon:* 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, a bit of Gruyère cheese, 2 small tomatoes, raw and unseasoned—or with lemon juice, shallots, herbs—no oil. *5 o'clock snack:* Hard-boiled egg or piece of watermelon. *Dinner:* ½-pound grilled red meat. Or ¾-pound lean fish, boiled or grilled. ¼-pound vegetable—spinach, carrots, cucumber, celery. One pear, apple, or grapefruit—or two oranges. No variations except Sunday, when roasted chicken could appear on the menu chez Zitrone.

What's so understanding about this, you ask? This. *In the initial blockbusting diet, Dr. A. would allow a glass of dry red table wine (he specifies a light Bordeaux) at lunch and dinner. On a subsequent, slightly expanded, weight-maintenance diet, Dr. A. permits, when it appeals to the patient, as much as one bottle of dry wine a day.* . . . Does it work? When we last checked him out, M. Zitrone was on the maintenance diet, alive and well and an ideal 200 pounds in Paris.

Now. Let's switch to California, point of origin of something equally lively and doing similarly well by U.S. dieters and called the California Wine Diet. The little old wine-makers out there stir up 80% of all the wine consumed in the U.S.A. California harvests more fruits and vegetables than any other state. So it comes as no total shock that the California diet is strong on local colour. Lots of fruits and vegetables, of course. Always a hot something to start a lunch—hot clam and tomato juice, a clear broth afloat with vegetables and poached meatballs, a chowder made with non-fat milk—this to fill before the low-cal salad. Under 1200 calories per three-meal day is what the California diet aims for, and to help keep it under control there is a dictum about water: *Two glasses of water an hour before each meal,* both to insure sufficient water intake and to de-edge an appetite. . . . As a replacement for water at meals: *a glass of wine, the standard 4-ounce portion, at luncheon and dinner.*

Consider the delicious and little-exploited qualifications of wine as a diet food. For instance, the way it understands men who want to be lean without being mean to their psyche. Of all alcoholic drinks except beer, wine has the lowest calorie content and table wine the lowest of the wines. Wine math is one of the talking points of "wine diet" thinking. The label on the wine bottle announces the calories within when it tells the alcohol content: just double that for the rough number of calories per ounce. On a 12%-alcohol dry table wine—and 12% is what most table wines are—you can count roughly 24 calories per ounce, or 96 calories the regular 4-ounce ration of dinner wine. (If you want to compare this with the more ambitious spirits—whiskey, gin, and the like, know that the proof listed on the bottle gives you the clue. 100-proof vodka means circa 100 calories per ounce. Et cetera.)

You can further enhance wine diet table talk by refining the rough calorie count by wine type. Almost nobody, you will quickly discover, except you has taken the trouble to do this. What they *have* gone out of their way to do is develop a firm opinion about which is the more health-packed: white or red. Speak up clearly and disclose that dry white table wines undercut the dry red by four to ten calories the drink. That doesn't seem like much, you say? It isn't, especially since wines vary so, from bottle to bottle, year to year. But bring it up at dinner, and the conversation will keep minds off what might be the sparse diet pickings.

On the other hand, the reds are more richly endowed with iron, which is why you may have been introduced to them by a canny grandmother when, far from the robust specimen you are today, you were a frail and anaemic wraith of a youth. And both the dry reds and the dry whites offer more iron than Port, once the iron tycoon.

Beyond the math, wine as a diet supplement has many other facets of enchanting understanding. Dr. Giorgio Lolli, an M.D. who has delved deep into the physiological, psychological, and sociological aspects of drinking, agrees that a reducing diet sweetened with wine can be a *working* diet, effective in some cases as long as a lifetime because it offers captivating rewards. . . . A glass of wine at meals has a tranquillizing action which lessens the emotional urge to overeat. Sometimes the addition of wine to meals has even eliminated the need for tranquillizers, a glass before bed the dependence on sedatives.

More importantly, wine adds a cultural value, a talking point, to a meal. An overweight person has often carefully nurtured an inordinate interest in food. He knows all about the delicacies available, how they're prepared, how they're best appreciated. Dr. Lolli suggests that this fascination with food can be beneficially transferred to a discreet exploration of the enormous variety of wines on tap. And that seems the epitome of understanding. See how this works, page 200.

THE GREAT HUFF AND PUFF for fitness

BY EARL UBELL

My guilt feelings rise a notch with every word I put down on paper. Physical fitness? Exercise? Used to be that I would trundle out of bed at 6:30 A.M. dark of winter or bright summer dawn, drowsily don my sweatsuit and sneakers, lumber out onto Summit Avenue, Hackensack, New Jersey (Yes, there is a Hackensack and I live there), to run two miles along that beautiful tree-shaded street, and feel the eyes of neighbours and autoborne commuters bore into my back, feel my lungs burn with raw air, feel my heart pounding, and at the end, feel that tinge of nausea and triumph.

Then I'd slide into a hot tub and shave while soaking. Dressed, I'd join Shirley (Herman Wouk says every man has his Shirley; this one is my wife) for breakfast: orange juice, broiled fishsticks, toast, tea and the *New York Herald-Tribune* and *The New York Times*. Time: 8:15 A.M.

Next, I'd check into my study upstairs where I plied my typewriter for ninety minutes, turning out magazine articles, radio scripts, and children's books. Finally, at 10 A.M., refreshed and feeling holier than Mahatma Gandhi, I bussed into Manhattan to my regular job as science editor of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, for which I wrote about atomic energy, medicine, lasers, and physical fitness.

Alas. The *Trib* died of technological senility at age 125. With her died not only a chunk of my life, but my neat physical fitness program, the one I thought would keep me running and swimming (three times a week at lunch hours) until I reached eighty. Now as a television broadcaster, I am squeezed between the demands of journalism and technology (it takes twice the time to prepare a broadcast as a newspaper article). Long lunches and swims have disappeared. With an 8:45 A.M. arrival time at the office, there is no time for that morning run.

Now once more I write about physical fitness. I hope that by doing so my guilt will burst through the roof, that I will marshal the arguments for physical fitness so brilliantly, so cogently that I will convince myself all over again to start running—tomorrow—and convince a few other guys too.

Physical fitness. To some men, it means being strong. To others, it means being able to play three sets of tennis. To others, it means being able to get through the day without collapsing. To scientists, it means an efficient heart and lung system as measured by the amount of oxygen the system can use per minute. The more oxygen, the more efficient. By this standard, 90 per cent of American teen-age boys are fit; 60 per cent of adults are unfit.

To me physical fitness means I have some weapons to use against a family disease: coronary artery disease, the ailment in which fatty deposits pile up in the arteries and shut off the flow of blood to the heart muscle resulting in a heart attack. It killed my father at the age of forty-four.

Scientists are rapidly accumulating evidence that the kind of exercise that produces an efficient heart and lung system also provides protection against coronary artery disease. For example, heavy workers have fewer heart attacks than sedentary workers. The evidence further indicates that the exercise must be rhythmic, sustained, repeated several times a week, and make your heart pound and put you to huffing and puffing.

Researchers have discovered the most efficient hearts among athletes involved with the most sustained exercises, i.e., those without frequent interruptions. The list, in descending order of efficiency, includes professional cyclists, long distance runners, amateur cyclists, long distance skiers, boxers, handball players, gymnasts, wrestlers, weight lifters.

The list indicates that muscles alone do not provide fitness because the weight lifters are down at the bottom. And that suggests that the current isometrics fad provides little heart-lung efficiency. Isometrics is a system of exercising by pushing with maximum force against an immovable object (a door jamb) or hand against hand (Charles Atlas style). Isometrics builds muscle but little else.

Traditional setting up exercises—calisthenics—do little more. You gain something in agility and a little endurance because certain patterns of such movement do provide the huff-and-puff conditions. Notice the position of gymnasts in the list.

That brings us to an interesting list of exercises: running, swimming, cycling, walking, rowing, and skiing. All are continuous, rhythmic and demanding on the heart and lungs. Studies of these types of exercise also reveal that they can reduce the amount of cholesterol in your blood (the suspect element in susceptibility to coronary artery disease); they can develop total body muscle tone; during weight reduction, they conserve muscle, get rid of fat; and they may assist in recovery from heart attack (not proved).

The most complete analysis of these exercises appeared recently in a book for laymen called *Aerobics*, by Dr. Kenneth H. Cooper, a Major in the United States Air Force Medical Corps (Bantam Books; paperback, $1). Aerobics refers to the oxygen-demanding nature of the rhythmic exercises.

Although written in the style of a high school football coach talking to the boys and tending to overstate some of the benefits, the book's plan does have value because it can be adapted by almost any man (including me) to his life style. Dr. Cooper has cleverly evaluated major exercises and sports to bring out their fitness-producing benefits.

Dr. Cooper has assigned points to the exercises depending upon the oxygen demand they create, a demand related to their fitness producing benefit. The longer that exercise is continued the more points is it worth. To give you some idea of comparability of various exercises, here are some 4-point efforts:

Running one mile in eight minutes, swimming a quarter mile in eight minutes, cycling 4 miles in 12 minutes (at 20 miles an hour), walking 2 miles in 24 minutes (5 mph— (Continued on page 200)





CLOTHES BULLETIN FOR MEN

SNAP CHAPS

"I broke out of the mould the day I left the army and became a photographer." . . . Patrick Lichfield speaking (Alexis Waldeck snapping the Nikon; next page, the camera's in Lichfield's hand): "October 14th, 1962—I can tell you to the minute—at 2:30, I left the Guards; at 2:45, I went round to a photography studio and got taken on as an apprentice for $6 a week." . . . In every sense of the word, he has been out of uniform ever since. "I like Regency jackets, double-breasted, high collared. And I like Byronic shirts with high, open collars; they show off the neck well and the top of a jacket. I hate ties—I never, never wear them unless some restaurant makes a row about it. In fact, I've invented an evening shirt that doesn't require one; the sleeves are very full—almost leg-o'-mutton on the shoulder—and the collar is open to the centre of the chest, so that inside you can put a large scarf—white, black, purple, or even deep red—either tied twice around the neck and knotted, or once round in a thick Windsor. I wear a plain, buttonless, black-wool hopsacking waistcoat with it—quite tight—and black trousers with a broad braid stripe down the side. . . . Wherever I go, I buy chains. And I've been collecting buckles over the years in England—enamel ones, paste, silver. . . . I detest anything sloppy—this is six years' army training—I'm ashamed of an unpolished belt buckle. But you don't want to be too pernickety about details—that's where the effeminacy thing comes in. The point is this: Until now, the only thing that made men look different was a well-cut suit. Today, though, if you're spending X number of dollars on a suit—and given you're not a very peculiar shape—then it's as much up to you as to your tailor to see that you're well turned out. Without a critical eye, nobody can dress really well because they forget the details—a stitch here, a quarter of an inch there, the height of a collar to the nose, the shine of a buckle. . . . We're still rather more exaggerated in our clothes than American men, probably, I suppose, because in England people aren't suspect about your masculinity on the basis of clothes. There's less of that here than there used to be. Just the same, when I'm in America I dress down: I'm not interested in getting stares, only girls—that is the principal reason for adorning oneself, isn't it?" . . . Here, the Earl of Lichfield in two of the best-looking furs for town; news for the size of their collars, sleekness of cut. *At left*, Persian lamb dyed to an almost black navy, reversible to midnight-blue wool; knee-length, fitted; to order at Maximilian. *Opposite*, fisher in a wonderful range of tones—pewter to wheat, to deep amber brown; cut close and just above the knee; from Bergdorf Goodman. . . . With both coats, Lord Lichfield wears his own navy chalk-stripe suit, pale-pink shirt, white silk scarf, and a belt with an old, pink enamel buckle from Annacat, the London and New York boutique in which he is a partner.

LICHFIELD

ALEXIS WALDECK

SNAP CHAPS

WALDECK



"Momentary fashion is secondary; the most important thing is that your clothes express what you are—they should be an accessory of a man's personality."... Alexis Waldeck here, *sans* camera (Patrick Lichfield has that in hand this time round), with opinions: "Nobody should force himself to go with a trend; for sure, not every man can wear tight trousers—maybe his behind is too big or his legs are too muscular. You wear what you think looks the best and suits you the best. Fashion is to enjoy. For me, personally, it's fun. I dress to please myself, *(Continued on the following page)*

Baron Alexis Gecmen-Waldeck, *near left,* wears a turnout from Baratta—navy leather tunic belted over a white turtleneck pullover, grey flannel trousers. *Far left:* to De Barentzen's chamois-coloured suède shirt-jacket, he adds his own scarf, chains, belt... dash. The button-down suède shirt-jacket,at Bergdorf Goodman.

SNAP CHAPS

WALDECK





PATRICK LICHFIELD

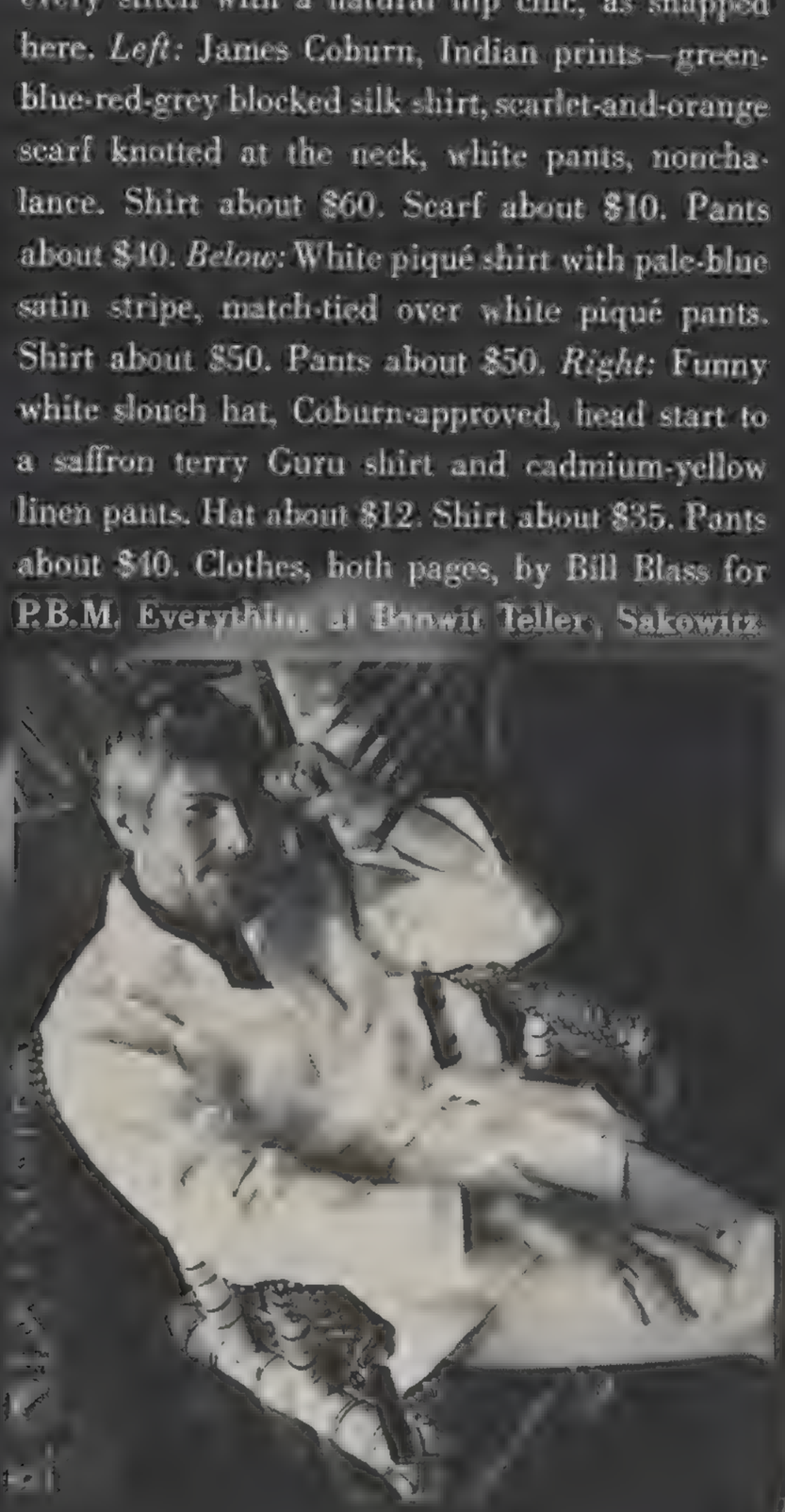


(Continued) because, I admit, I am vain; I like to get compliments on my clothes.... I like conservative things with a little hip mixed in, just so long as they're well made—that is very important. I like a tapered jacket, but not so tight that you practically crack right out of it, and not too short. I like good belts and good shoes. And leather jackets. I always wear scarfs, just knotted once, or sometimes slipped through a gold ring. All my cuff links are very conservative—small gold ovals, old ones. I dress formally only if I have to, which is mostly when I go back to Europe and am with older people. For work I wear corduroys and boots, because I'm all over the floor, or, on location, I'm climbing up some mountainside to get a picture....I love photography, but it's hell on clothes....*On the facing page,* Baron Gecmen-Waldeck wears, *farthest left,* a double-faced coat of grey and grey plaid Nattier wool, by Datti. The double-faced coat next to it is of grey cashmere, tweeded on the outside. By Cerutti. *This page,* in the small picture, a welt-seamed beige jacket double-faced with checks, zipped to a standing collar. *Directly left,* two shades of brown wool—double-faced, double-breasted, easy as a pea jacket. Both jackets, by Cerutti. These and the coats, at Neiman-Marcus.



SNAP CHAPS
COBURN

Coburn, as in James, as in the movies. Long, lean Coburn of the great white super-grin, the famous madcap hair now joined to new no-colour whiskers. Throb of a million hearts. Latest flame-fanner—*Duffy*, with *Hard Contract* and *The Mandarins* coming up....Coburn digs easy clothes, the crumpled look of seersucker and linen. Whatever, he wears every stitch with a natural hip chic, as snapped here. *Left:* James Coburn, Indian prints—green-blue-red-grey blocked silk shirt, scarlet-and-orange scarf knotted at the neck, white pants, nonchalance. Shirt about $60. Scarf about $10. Pants about $10. *Below:* White piqué shirt with pale-blue satin stripe, match-tied over white piqué pants. Shirt about $50. Pants about $50. *Right:* Funny white slouch hat, Coburn-approved, head start to a saffron terry Guru shirt and cadmium-yellow linen pants. Hat about $12. Shirt about $35. Pants about $10. Clothes, both pages, by Bill Blass for P.B.M. Everything at Barwit Teller, Sakowitz



HENRY CLARKE

David Hemmings and Leonard Whiting, two young actors whose names ring quick bells. *The Charge of the Light Brigade* for the first; *Romeo and Juliet* for the latter. Both English, both star stuff, and great-looking. David Hemmings, *this page*, a roving consumer who buys wot strikes his fancy, anywhere —London, New York, Los Angeles. Likes the look of the Western shirt, likes the look of this dotted-Swiss brown shirt with chain-stripes of small white flowers and bright green leaves, and a cowboy-tied Indian scarf of brown-and-white silk. Frejere shirt, $12. Bamberger's. Leonard Whiting, *right*, gets his gear on the King's Road in London, thinks jeans are the best of all possible pants. Likes dark colours, walked off with the black satin cowboy shirt he's wearing here, with a blue-and-black scarf, black velvet jeans. Shirt by Frejere, $10. Bamberger's. Scarfs, both pages, by Handcraft; $5 each. Bonwit Teller.

SNAP CHAPS **HEMMINGS, WHITING**





THE BATHROOM MAKES THE SCENE

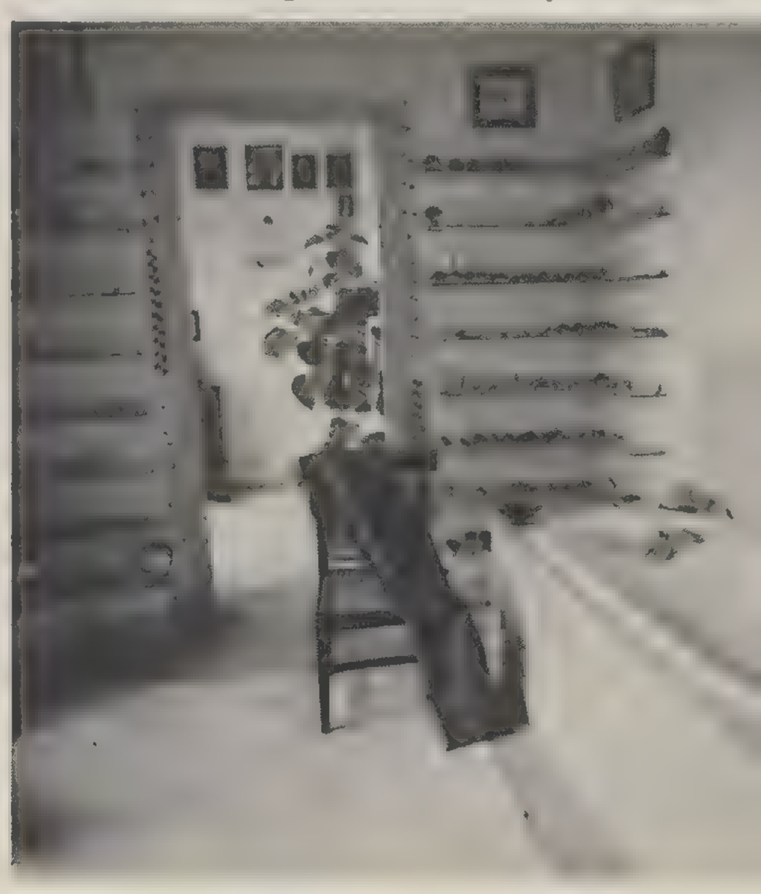
The first man—and only a man would have had the audacity—who decided to hang that extra Picasso in the bathroom, must have known a minor but nonetheless thrilling moment of triumph. His horizon had unimaginably expanded. He had added another chamber to his dwelling. Reclaimed from its drear and chilly not-quite-respectability, the bathroom had become a living, breathing mass of possibilities. If not an art gallery, then a sculpture garden, a solarium or even a screening spot for old movies. Bathroom life could—and should—be lived to the hilt. Warm, smooth terrazzo floors. Cheerful, unshadowed lighting. Strategic mirrors, especially the magnifying kind. A well-thought-out place for exercise. The very best soap and masses of it. A table for cigarettes and scratch paper and a transistor. Shelves of marvellous-smelling lotions and colognes and balms. Everything that space and availability allow to further his cosseting and comfort. The charming thing about self-indulgence, moreover, is that it is rarely an end in itself. It enables the man, his senses appeased and enchanted, to be a more generous and loving companion. Vanity, far from being a fault, can be one of the dearest of graces; it fosters a splendid freedom that women have, perhaps without awareness, long missed in men. How agreeable, for one instance, to see the bristly, expedient crew cut give way to tended luxuriance. What an excitingly unfamiliar face it is that wears sideburns and an extravagant moustache. Men's *coiffeurs* are springing up like clover to trim and shape, massage and encourage this gorgeous growth. Of course, such abundant foliage entails rather more care than heretofore. To that end, Revlon has surfaced with the *Braggi Shower Board*. It's a waterproof vinyl hang-up that has, in its pockets, shampoo, sauna splash, after-shave lotion and bath soap. How fragrant the Braggi-clean hair! How blissful the nose that nuzzles there! . . . It is understood, to be sure, that all the hair does not have to be home-grown. Hairpieces like the *Taylor Topper*, and even full wigs are selling openly and without apology. *Commodore's* real-hair moustaches and beardlets spirit on and off and neatly as madame's eyelashes. And *Black Watch Quick Whiskers* appear in two versions: Traditional, which are trimmed straight at the ends, and Continental, with sinister drooping corners for a creative and convincing leer. . . . Another fortunate by-product of vanity is a tidier middle. Even the man whose exercise is no more ambitious than mixing a Martini, can have a squash-playing midsection. The *Tone-O-Matic Weight Belt* can easily be worn under clothing while on the move from house to office or from office to luncheon. More ambitious types wear the belt while golfing or

THE ENTERTAINING BATHROOM of Mr. Walter Lees, in Paris, *left:*
An attractive and hospitable bachelor, formerly on the staff of the British Embassy in Paris, Mr. Lees is now Yul Brynner's secretary, a job that involves continual travelling. When he's at home, he loves to entertain, often inviting twenty-four friends for dinner. "My bathroom simply had to be another sitting-room," he says, "because my apartment only has three rooms . . . which have the most fantastic view in Paris. (Who else has the Dome des Invalides and the Rodin Museum all to one's self?) All my dinner parties centre around and in it. A table laden with food and a washbasin full of champagne is placed between the basin and the opposite wall. . . . It all works perfectly, and after dinner with the folding table speedily removed, more people can sit on the bathtub, which is covered with a wooden board and then a very comfortable cushion. . . . I personally love it because in it I have all the paintings and drawings and some of the objects I prefer. I also play chess there."

HENRY CLARKE



CONVIVIAL BATHROOM, *left,*
in the Madrid flat of Mr. Duarte Pinto Coelho, who often uses it as an extra salon when he entertains—"How many times I have had flamenco dancing and singing in my bathroom!" Spacious, gleaming with silver fittings, a crystal chandelier, it also seethes with activity in the morning, when Mr. Duarte Pinto—a busy and successful decorator—organizes his day with his secretary, his cook, and his butler: "I like the ceremony of the *petit lever*. So, every day while I am getting dressed I solve all these problems with my staff."

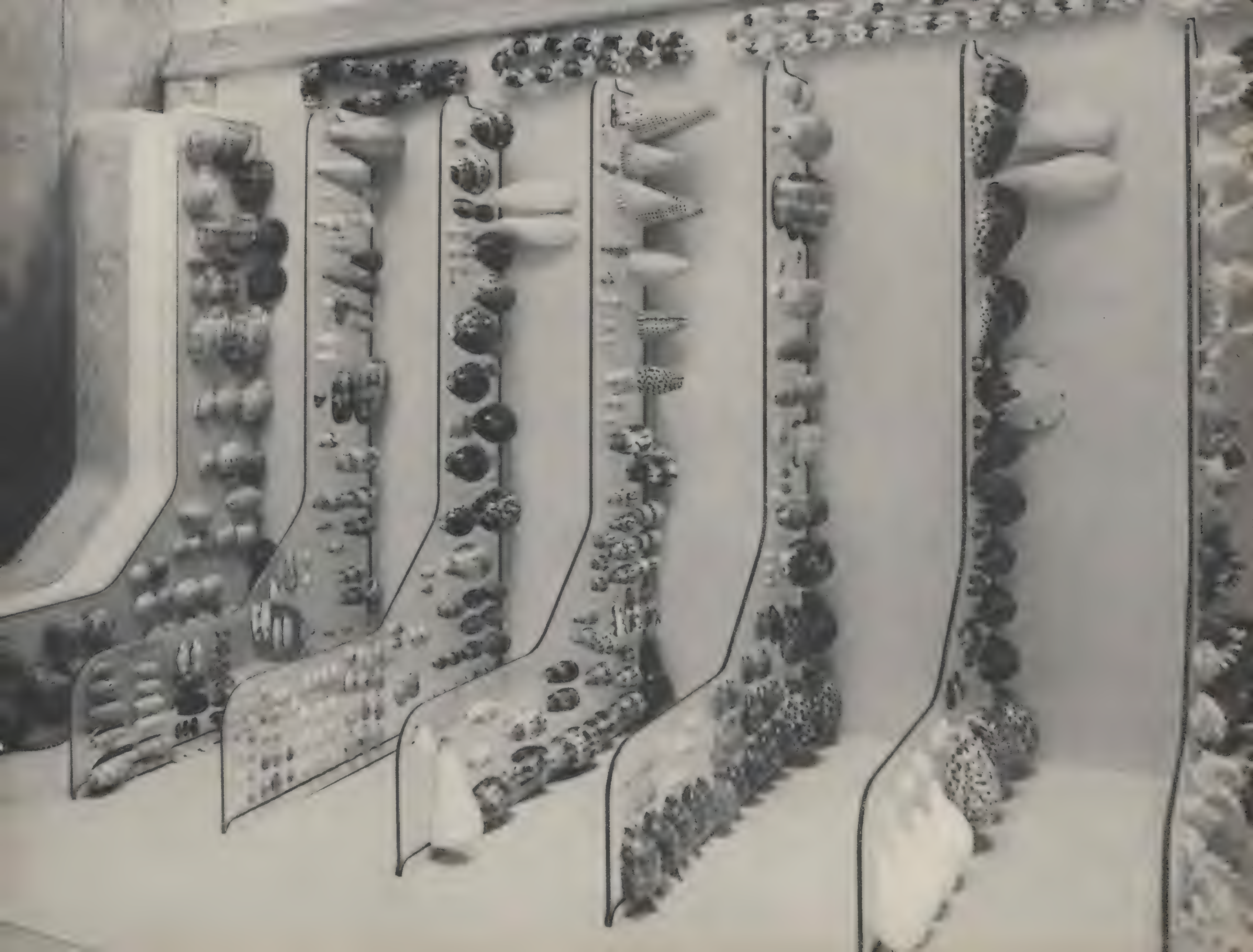


THE BATHROOM MAKES THE SCENE

bicycling, with proportionately snappier results. Electronic exercise—the muscles can actually be seen to flex and un-flex automatically—is the great specialty of the *Relax-A-cizor*. The most indolent of men can wrap his disaster area in the Relax-A-cizor belt, plug in and watch television while the trimming process goes on. It would never do to leave out jogging, which may be done right in the bathroom, courtesy of the *Health-Walker-Jogger*. And of course bicycling (out-of-doors) has reached the point of embracing more over-forties than under-fourteens. Well—almost. . . . Back to man's crowning glory, for a moment, if you're wondering if he Does or Doesn't, the answer is very often Does. Men's hair colouring, both temporary and tint, is big business. *Clairol's Great Day* does the job gradually but efficiently, and the interesting angle is that it usually works out so that no one realizes what's happening. They also have a hair lightener called *Sudden Summer* for the guy who intends to keep a sun-bleached look all year. . . . The emergent hedonist, who has always enjoyed scent on a woman's skin, now openly enjoys it on his own. Nor is he mousing around apologetically with bland, baby-talcum smells that are guaranteed to vanish discreetly in the open air. The whole world is competing for his favour: West Germany sends him ginger-spicy *Tabac Original* cologne and shave cream, soap and hair tamer, plus a constellation of sun protectors; Sweden injects a whole sex-in-the-forest message into their *Kanøn* collection, that astonishing wave of bath adjuncts that appear to have engulfed the American market in so short a time. The Bath Mate—one of their newest moves—is a nattily tailored terry towel wrapper with an oversized pocket that holds shave foam, clear hair gel and non-resistible *Kanøn* cologne. . . . A man's bathroom is, in felicitous fact, his launching pad. For more about its new fitness gear, see Checking Out the Men, page 80.

GROTTO OF SHELLS,
above and right,
collected by Mr. Roderick Cameron, the writer—standing in polished rows in a bathroom at La Fiorentina, his villa at Cap Ferrat. Shells have fascinated him since childhood: "I spent hours hunting for the little white-ribbed shells so plentiful on English beaches. My governess called them 'pig shells'—but in my mind each shell suggested the rosy, henna-stained fingertips of some celestial houri." . . . Since then, his work has taken him to Australia and through the South Pacific, gathering shells en route: from Fiji, a rare orange cowry, worn as a badge of rank by native chiefs . . . from Tonga, a shell presented by Queen Salote from her own collection . . . a venom-barbed cone shell known to have killed a man. No one else touches the shells, venomed or not: "I dust them myself and it often takes three days to get them back in their right place." . . . Mr. Cameron's newest book, *Viceroyalties of the West*—to be published in the U. S. this month—is about the glories, and horrors, of Spanish rule in the Americas.

HENRY CLARKE



WHAT YOU MUST KNOW ABOUT YOUR SLEEP AND DREAMS

Everyone knows what sleep and dreams are. No medical scientist, however, knows why we have the desire to sleep. Much of the research going on now in this country and others is concerned with two kinds of sleep, dream sleep and non-dream or slow-wave sleep. The dream state, it appears to many, is in its own ways as different from ordinary sleep as it is different from waking. To measure sleep and the amount of dream time medical scientists frequently use students and, to some degree, convalescent patients. Their method is simple. Electrodes are attached to the temples of the experimentees, and then wires connect the electrodes to electroencephalographic machines. To find out about dream content, the experimentees are awakened during the dream state known by rapid eye movements (REM sleep) and asked about their dreams. What they tell is extraordinarily interesting. Many medical scientists more or less brush aside insomnia in well patients, believing that true insomnia means going without sleep at all for some hundred and fifty hours or more, and needs hospitalization. Dinner-table insomniacs are a totally different matter, they require understanding and perhaps a change of non-sleeping pills that may to some degree inhibit sleep.

During sleep, it is believed by many, the brain discards junk information collected during the day.

Dr. Werner P. Koella, formerly Senior Scientist at the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology and now a research scientist in Switzerland, said: "Sleep is an actively induced process. Sleep is not a passive phenomenon; it is by no means a drop in body functions but there are qualitative changes from wakefulness. People who have difficulty in getting to sleep, the sub-insomniacs, may fall into any of three categories. They may have depressions that inhibit sleep. They may have worries and anxieties that inhibit sleep. They may have too little serotonin, a chemical substance, in the brain. Serotonin, it must be noted, can not be measured in live subjects."

Most well people who call themselves insomniacs are liars—they sleep part of the night but remember only their agony of wakefulness.

Dr. Ernest Hartmann, Director of the Sleep and Dream Laboratory at Boston State Hospital and Assistant Professor of Psychiatry at the Tufts University School of Medicine, said: "Every night we need both REM sleep (dream) and deep slow-wave sleep. Deep sleep is probably for body rehabilitation, and dream time is for mental stability. About 20 per cent of natural sleep each night is dream sleep. If you dream longer, you will feel better in the morning, but if you dream less, you will feel worse. The sleep-dream cycle is one of the body's basic cycles. The cycle in young adults is a ninety-minute cycle, with dream time starting about an hour and a half after sleep onset. Each dream lasts from ten to thirty minutes, and there are four or five dream periods a night, totalling ninety minutes in all. It is unheard of to have no dream time. Note that the fact that someone has no dream *recall* is not the same as no dream time. A number of factors probably influence the amount of recall. Dreams are recalled best when the sleeper awakens during or just after a dream period. Persons who wake several times a night usually recall more dreams than those who wake only once."

DR. KOELLA, THE AUTHOR OF *SLEEP, ITS NATURE AND PHYSIOLOGICAL ORGANIZATION*, SAID: "WE DO KNOW THAT AN EXTENDED PART OF THE BRAIN ACTS AS A SLEEP CENTRE. WHEN WE HAVE MENTAL FATIGUE OR INTERNAL FATIGUE, THESE ARE ACCOMPANIED BY A STRONG DESIRE TO SLEEP. WE DON'T, HOWEVER, KNOW WHY WE HAVE THAT DESIRE."

Dr. Hartmann said: "The effects of various pharmacological agents on the dream state have been studied, hoping to understand the basic chemical mechanisms involved. The barbiturates, including secobarbital, amobarbital, pentobarbital, and phenobarbital, have all been found to reduce dream time, both absolutely and as a percentage of total sleep. These drugs increase slow-wave sleep at the expense of dream time.

"It has been found that alcohol causes a definite decrease in dream time. One solid slug of alcohol before bedtime did not disturb sleep very appreciably in normal young male subjects but significantly reduced dream time.... Greenberg, Gross, and others suggest that delirium tremens may actually represent the 'breakthrough' of the dream mechanism into waking life, and that it may, in a sense, be a 'waking dream.'"

Dr. Hartmann wrote in The Biology of Dreaming: *"LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide) has been studied very intensively since the accidental discovery of its hallucinogenic properties by Hoffman in 1947. The possible relationship of LSD to the dream state may be of interest since LSD causes a transient, psychotic-like state, and since dreaming likewise has often been considered a transient, psychotic-like state; also, LSD may help to elucidate some of the central neurochemical mechanisms because of its interactions with serotonin. There have been several studies of the effect of LSD on sleep and dream patterns. Studies on the cat and the rabbit indicate that LSD reduces dream time, but a recent study on man indicates that it may, in small, very carefully controlled dosages, increase the length of a particular dream period several hours after the administration of LSD, although the total dream time for the night is not increased....*

"The question of dosage in drug studies is extremely important and seldom receives sufficient attention. Thus, the drugs that may increase dream time in certain carefully controlled doses, such as reserpine and LSD, will in larger doses clearly decrease dream time, probably by causing an increased tendency toward waking. In fact, it has been our experience in a number of studies that an overdose of almost any drug will reduce dream time. The sleeping medications in large doses will produce slow-wave sleep or coma, while other drugs in high doses will usually produce side effects that will increase a tendency toward wakefulness, and thus secondarily decrease dream time; this effect is seen not only on total dream time but even on dream time as a percentage of time asleep."

Dr. Koella said: "Serotonin may have something to do with the occurrence of sleep. Note that serotonin is naturally in rather large amounts in the brain. If in research on cats serotonin is taken out of the brain, there will be no sleep for days. Serotonin is definitely needed for sleep. If such psychic energizers as uproniozid are given for depression, the pills not only help the depression but improve the sleep habits of the depressed. Serotonin is a monoamine, and the psychic energizers inhibit the breakdown of the serotonin which then accumulates and leads to better sleep."

Dr. Arthur Shapiro, Professor in the Department of Psychiatry and Director of the Psychophysiology laboratory at the Downstate Medical Center of the State University of New York, said: "The results of many laboratory studies on electronically monitored sleep and dreams during the past fifteen years have led us to a completely different concept of the nature and function of sleep and dreaming. We now believe that during sleep the brain, which never rests, turns off most of the information coming from outside itself and concentrates on what has been recorded before. Housekeeping—throwing out junk information and sorting out the rest—is specially important. If useless information were allowed to accumulate, the storage capacity of the brain would be so clogged in a few days that it could no longer function properly. Anyone who has had to go for several days with little or no sleep knows what this feels like. Probably this erasing function is important in giving sleep part of its refreshing and restoring effect.

"The sorting and indexing of the information that is not erased makes it easier for the brain to find it again either in sleep or in wakefulness. This function probably also contributes to the refreshing quality of sleep. Sleep is sometimes inefficient and fails to do what is necessary; some people wake up even more tired than when they went to bed."

THE LATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERIES

BY ALLENE TALMEY

Dr. I. Newton Kugelmass, New York City, wrote in his introduction to the book *The Biology of Dreaming* by Dr. Ernest Hartmann: "Most dreams attempt to achieve solutions by rapid reproduction of the problems of the day whether subjective or objective. In some cases they go no further than calling attention to the problems; in other cases they lead to suggestions of a solution; in still others they offer real solutions to life's problems. The fundamental problems are always the same, but the specific solutions differ with each individual. In the case of scientists, both the problems and solutions are unique. [Friedrich August] Kekule's dozing dream of the snakelike rows of atoms, one of which seized its own tail, suggested the structure of the benzene ring and revolutionized organic chemistry. [Otto] Loewi's nocturnal inspiration enabled the demonstration that the vagus nerve releases a chemical transmitter. [Elias] Howe's dream of execution by armed guards whose spears had holes near their points led him to place the eye of the needle at the point in creating the sewing machine....[Albert] Einstein found intuition a frequent source of sudden enlightenment...the relativity concept sprang into consciousness while [Einstein was] dozing on his sick bed."

Dr. Koella said: "There is apparently an internal clock regulating our bodies, for we all have an intrinsic rhythm. During boredom, during a monotonous lecture, listening to the tick-tock of a real clock, we have an irresistible desire for sleep. If, however, something interesting happens, we lose that desire for sleep."

Dr. Shapiro said: "The poetic, bizarre, symbolic quality of some dreams (perhaps some of the most important and memorable dreams) is almost entirely absent from many of the dreams reported in the laboratory. We now think that dreaming sleep, like waking behaviour, has many functions. One of the most important of these is to make decisions about future attitudes on the basis of all the complex past experiences of the dreamer. To do this, the dream must review the meaning of recent experiences as they are related to past experiences and even the experiences of early childhood. During this review, emotional and symbolic meanings as well as rational and logical ones are used together in a way that is difficult to achieve when awake. Conflicting drives for pleasure and survival are also taken into account and future consequences of recent and past events are tested out."

Dr. Shapiro said: "Often condensed symbols are used in a kind of private shorthand that makes some dreams seem confused and jumbled, and, if the dream accomplishes its purpose, the dreamer becomes, to some extent, a changed person. The old advice 'to sleep on it' is probably valid because the brain during natural sleep takes up many problems and often comes up with a reasonable solution that comes to mind when the sleeper awakens.

"On the other hand, we now think that the old concept of the dream, as a device for relieving tension by the disguised expression of unacceptable feelings and attitudes, is probably not generally applicable. And we see little reason to believe that dreaming about fulfillment of a wish in any sense actually fulfills it."

Dr. Koella said: "Many parts of the body are active obviously during sleep: the narrowed irises of the eyes, the mechanisms for digestion, circulation, temperature, muscular movement, eye movements and, of course, mental activity. The overall body activity in sleep is different from the overall body activity of waking. If sleepers are awakened during REM (rapid eye movement) sleep, they will probably report dreaming. If sleepers are awakened during slow-wave sleep (no REM), they will probably report no dreams."

Dr. Snyder said: "The emotions in dreaming are unpleasant by a ratio of more than two to one, fear or anxiety being the most common category and anger the next. Overall, the emotion most frequently mentioned in an analysis of 635 dreams was diffuse excitement. Clearly defined erotic feelings appeared in just eight of those dreams and in no case were they as intense as many of the instances of fear or anger."

MUSCULAR FATIGUE CAN BE REPAIRED BY JUST REST *WITHOUT* SLEEP.

Dr. Hartmann wrote in *The Biology of Dreaming*: "Recently Dr. Charles Fisher and his associates have found that in the human male most dream periods are accompanied by a full or partial erection, and that this occurs regardless of any sexual dream content."

DR. FREDERICK SNYDER, CHIEF OF PSYCHOPHYSIOLOGY OF SLEEP, ADULT PSYCHIATRY BRANCH, C. I., NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MENTAL HEALTH, BETHESDA, MARYLAND, WROTE IN THE PHENOMENOLOGY OF DREAMING: *"DREAM NARRATIVES ALMOST ALWAYS INVOLVE THE SELF TOGETHER WITH OTHERS. USUALLY INTERACTING....THAT INTERACTION INCLUDES ONE PARTICULAR MODE: TALKING. DREAMING MAY BE ALMOST AS MUCH AN AUDITORY HALLUCINATORY EXPERIENCE AS A VISUAL ONE."*

Dr. Hartmann wrote in *The Biology of Dreaming:* "We do not know what the function of dream state (D-state) is. Experiments on dream deprivation (D-deprivation) show a need for the dream state. Furthermore, the studies' indication that the dream state has a development, a neurophysiology, and probably a chemistry different from that of the slow, non-dreaming state suggests that the function of the dream state is not merely to participate in the function of sleep.

There is disagreement about the function of the dream state. Some of the possible functions of the dream state that have been proposed include these:

1. **The function of the dream state is to clear the nervous system of some endogenous metabolite produced during the nervous system's functioning.**
2. **The function of the dream state is to provide an endogenous source of stimulation to the developing cortex of the infant or the foetus *in utero*. Sensory input is needed for proper development, and the pontine centre, by its discharge during the dream state, may apply an additional "quasi-sensory" stimulation to the cortex.**
3. **The dream state functions to recognize the central nervous system firing patterns which have gradually become disorganized during slow sleep.**
4. **The dream state functions to begin the process of arousal, and perhaps to awaken the animal periodically to allow it to re-orient to the world around it.**
5. **The function of the dream state is to discard irrelevant and unneeded information gathered during the day and to "clear the decks" for the arrival of new information.**
6. **The dream state may have a more positive function with respect to memory storage—it may be needed for a transfer of memories from a short-term to a long-term storage system.**
7. **The dream state functions to discharge instinctual drives in the adult and to discharge "physiological drives" in the infant who does not yet have true instinctual drives.**
8. **The function of the dream state is to allow dreaming, which**
   - **(a) may serve the organism as a rehearsal for events of waking life;**
   - **(b) provides disguised gratification of wishes;**
   - **(c) allows the conscious mind to benefit from wider and more universal truths of the unconscious;**
   - **(d) allows for the solution of current emotional problems and integration of the solutions and produces better adaptations to current life.**

DR. HARTMANN SAID: "PEOPLE WHO SAY THEY DON'T SLEEP AT ALL EXAGGERATE. THEY REMEMBER THE AWAKE TIME AND FORGET THE SLEEP TIME. SOME PEOPLE, OF COURSE, ARE AFRAID OF FALLING ASLEEP—THEY FEEL THEY ARE LOSING CONTROL AND THAT, THEY FEEL, IS DANGEROUS."

the body belt

Accessories. Smash hit on the separates' chart. Chains, belts, bags, rings, watches. Pulling the good looks together. Happening head to toe. Make it happen to you. And to everybody else, come Christmas. The hipbone's connected to the neckbone, left, and that's what makes a body belt—here, of thin golden chains. More chains sling about the hipbone, swinging tiers of golden loops. All by Trifari. Looped square-linked belt, about $25; looped rectangle-linked belt, about $30. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Body belt, about $125. To order at Bonwit Teller. Black Shetland wool sweater, about $19 at Brooks Brothers. Satin ribbon: Hyman Hendler. The midriff-wrapped shirt plus chains, right: is it shirt with multicoloured sash attached or sash with shirt attached? Anyway you look, it's smashing, slashed and drenched in thin shiny chains, plus a body belt of golden bands at neck and waist, chain-linked. All by Sant' Angelo. Jersey shirt with matching brassière, about $80. Body belt, about $40. S-chain, about $15. Triple bead-chains, about $15 each. Gilt bead belt, about $20. All: Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Pants, both pages, by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat. Coiffures, these ten pages: Ara Gallant.

the hour of the smash accessory...



THE BLUE OF THE HOUR

enamelled serpents, Sam Browne belt



There is blue. Blue enamel. Blue enamel chains, belts. Blue enamel snakes. Snakes on fingers, wrists, waists, everywhere. The serpent is the jewel of the hour, and now is the hour.

The jewelled Sam Browne belt, left, strung up out of bright-blue enamelled bracelets linked with rhinestones, fantasy on the march around a little white ermine tunic worn over black-dyed Russian broadtail pants. Bracelets, each about $40; earrings, about $15; ring, about $15. All by Ciner. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Turnout made to order by Maximilian.

Serpent is the jewel of the hour, right: fingers and wrists twined with serpentine charmers enamelled blue, set with big blue stones. All by Trifari. Rings, each about $6; bracelets, each about $20. Altman's; Rich's; I. Magnin.



BULOVA
ACCUTRON
2
3
4
5
6

NOW IS THE HOUR

new watches, rings, the bag that swings



The accessory habit, this page: a little woven gold shoulder pouch clasped in diamonds, slung back over the rib cage...the oval watch, rimmed in bamboo gold ...handfuls of gold rings. Make it a habit—red-stocked riding jacket and slit side-saddle skirt of black worsted gabardine. Bag, rings from Van Cleef & Arpels. Watch by Piaget* for Van Cleef & Arpels; $1,000. Woolmark suit by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat; about $245. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Glentex scarf.

The shape of the hour is oval (1) and the colour is red—Roman numerals framed in 14-k. gold and riding a red reptile band. By Movado.* $175. Cartier; Bailey Banks & Biddle.

Marked time (2) on a 14-k. gold bezel, a face like champagne going round on a brown alligator band. By Rolex.* $275. Tiffany; Bailey Banks & Biddle.

The blue of the hour (3) is an oval of lapis in 18-k. gold, strapped with black alligator. By Piaget.* $1,550. Van Cleef & Arpels.

Big time (4)—a clear, silvery face set in a chunk of rosy rhodonite on a wide black band. Accutron watch by Bulova. $350. At Bailey Banks & Biddle.

A jewel of a watch (5)—tiger-eye time in 18-k. gold, with a black alligator band. By Piaget.* $1,400. Van Cleef & Arpels.

The thin round watch (6)—a delicately chiselled gold wafer on black alligator. By Patek Philippe.* $1,000. Cartier.

*SWISS MOVEMENT

PENATI

NEWS OF THE HOUR

on the wrist, on the shoulder



Straps in the news, this page: a big squashy shoulder duffel of brown reptile-stamped calfskin, reaching new heights on a pair of short straps... new way to wear the new oval watch—strapped to the wrist with a long suède thong. Bag by Estancia. About $60. Altman's; L. S. Ayres. 18-k. gold watch by Baume & Mercier,* $250. (We added the suède thong.) Neiman-Marcus. Stacks of enamel-and-gold rings, from Tiffany. Woolmark jump suit of white gabardine: Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat. About $125. Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin.

Ovalled square (1)—royal-blue mock-marble face, golden numerals, and a blue suède band. By Glycine*; gold-filled. $55. At Lambert Bros.

Pocket timepiece (2)—green marbled dial in a groovy 14-k. gold case. By Longines.* $175. At Tourneau.

Picture-frame framed (3) in ridged 18-k. gold—an oval strapped with black alligator. By Bueche Girod.* $590. At Cartier.

The wind-up (4) is just a flick of the wrist—a self-winding silvery watch on a silvery band, by Gr..en.* $62. Trabert & Hoeffer.

The oval turns (5) to lie sideways on a black suede strap. By Juvenia*; 18-k. gold. $185. At Tourneau.

Time will tell (6) and also the date—stainless steel calendar watch by Hamilton.* $125. William Barthman.

The great white oval (7) framed in 14-k. gold, strapped in black suéded Corfam. By Girard Perregaux.* $125. Tiffany.

Watched pockets (8) might take to this big-time 18-k. gold square by Corum.* $600. At Van Cleef & Arpels.

*SWISS MOVEMENT

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8

GENE LAURENTS

1

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4

5



WHAT'S HOURS IS YOURS—

watches and chains

Watched and chained, this page, that's the way to add more jump to jump suit. A wide Moroccan chain belt looping softly around the hipbone—lots of little thin golden chains on filigree ribs, dangling amulets of bogus ivory and coral... in time to a round, brown-enamelled, gilt-edged watch, count of twelve in Roman numerals. Belt from Monet. To order, Lord & Taylor. Watch by Old England,* $30. Sant' Angelo strap, $15. Both: Bloomingdale's. Woolmark jump suit of black gabardine by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat. About $125. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin.

Golden 'gator (1)—strap to a strapping round watch by Schiaparelli.* $16. Bonwit Teller.

Watch, red, go (2)—dark-red mock-marble face set in lacquer-red plastic and strapped with red suède. By Timex: $15. Bloomingdale's.

Chained rectangle (3)—black on a chunk of golden chain. By Dynasty.* $25. Lord & Taylor.

The oval watch in chains (4) for the best of both worlds—green enamel with attenuated numerals. By Old England,* $30. Chain-band by Sant' Angelo, $15. Both: Bloomingdale's.

Jolly giant links (5) holding a little square watch and rounding the wrist. Sheffield* designed by Kenneth Lane. $55. Best & Co.

*SWISS MOVEMENT

GENE LAURENTS

PENATI

VOGUE
PATTERN
7478

VOGUE
PATTERN
7007

The shining hour of the leather skirt

Wanted for all the smashy new chains, belts, bags, shirts and ties—the zippiest little skirts in dark, shining leather. Glazed brown leather, left: A-skirt of brown cabretta hung from a shaped yoke in front and caught by golden and suède belts. Smashing with a brown jersey shirt, giant scarf-tie, shoulder bag. Skirt: Vogue Pattern 7007. Janice leather: Macy's. Shirt: Vogue Pattern 7478, of Jasco worsted jersey knitted in America. Doro scarf. Belts: Atelier Nina; Elegant. Ruza Creations bag. Knee socks designed by Kenneth Lane for Bonnie Doon. Black patent dirndl, right, and a black jersey shirt held at the waist by belts of silvery, black, and white links. Vogue Pattern 7357. Skirt of Landau patent leather, at Macy's. Shirt of Jasco rayon matte jersey. Yves Saint Laurent belts: Lord & Taylor. Whiting & Davis bag. Robert Originals earrings. Berkshire tights. Ara Gallant coiffures. Pattern details, page 85.

VOGUE PATTERNS



ENATI

VOGUE PATTERN 7357

Bagged in France–

Olga Georges-Picot

LORIEUX

Snatchels, satchels, and shoulder-bags—all knock-out and all from Paris just like Olga Georges-Picot, the russet-haired French actress who carries them off so beautifully here. The daughter of Guillaume Georges-Picot, twenty-three-year Olga is something of an ambassador in her own right…as she spins through her third film, *Catherine*, and as she plays minister with portfolio on these two pages. Big square satchel, *far left above*, saddle-stitched black on thick brown calf—a great look, strap-hanging from the wrist of a mid-long yellow plaid coat collared in chrome-yellow fake fur. Braid-bound wool coat by Miss Dior. Wine-dark snatchel, *far left below*, in shiny thick leather with black-stitched welting and a silvery handle roped to two big rings. Also at the wheel of the chrome-yellow Matra—Olga in a zippy shirt-sleeve red leather coat warming up to a black fox collar. Coat by Dior. Tawny leather game-bag, *left above*, closed with a magnet and pouched low on lean straps; it's shouldered here by a fun-run of navy, white, and chrome-yellow stripes. Wool jersey pull and pants by Miss Dior. Patent leather stripes, *left*, black-yellow-red-blue-white ones flapped and strapped in mellow brown calf and locked with a tiny trunk key. Shiny brown mid-long coat, hat, and goggles by Miss Dior. Tan leather snatchel, *right*, soft as a piece of leather can be—a silvery stirrup closes the handsomely saddle-stitched bag and adds just the right polish for a wool jersey pants suit, in greige to match its lynx-lined hood. Pants suit by Dior, of Forneris fabric. To order, at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Also at Neiman-Marcus; Holt Renfrew of Canada. All boots and gloves by Dior. All bags by La Bagagerie, in America at Gavroche; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's. Mlle. Georges-Picot's coiffure by Dessanges.

Dream
a little dream



Dreamy little things to sleep in, snappy new robes to warm them up: dreamboats to have—or give—right now.
The night of the leotard, left: gilt-edged surprise in sleek black matte jersey banded in gold at the neck, sleeves, belt, and huge flap-pocket. John Kloss for Cira of Caprolan jersey. About $25. Henri Bendel. Sant' Angelo ring.
Eastward, ho, above, in a coat like a Rajah's with tiny self buttons stopping just short of straight pants.
White pyjamas by John Kloss for Cira of Caprolan matte jersey. About $25. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.
Setting, these eight pages: the New York apartment of designer Jack Lenor Larsen, with his woven fabrics in the background.

Dream
a little dream
in lace
and ribbons

Ribbons, lace, scallops, far left—how feminine can a nightdress get?—a froth of white nylon tricot edged and appliquéd in white lace and tied just under the bosom. From the Sea Dream Collection by Maidenform. Of Enka Crepeset nylon tricot. About $11. At Altman's; D. H. Holmes; Nordstrom Best. Rings by Freirich and Sant' Angelo.

Tucked in for the night, left—white crêpe with a creamy écru lace border—all tucked to the waist in tiny pleats and held by a bright streak of acid-green satin. By Lêlis of polyester crêpe (Cohama fabric). About $35. At Altman's; Shillito's; Bramson; Nordstrom Best.

ALEXIS WALDECK

Dream a little hearts and flowers

Lace-blooming satin, left: a nightdress that feels as pretty as it looks—shining écru satin banded in flowered and scalloped écru lace. By Bali. Satin de Lys of nylon, Dacron, and silk (Registered fabric). About $20. At Best & Co.; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom Best. Rings: Pakula, Bergère, Hattie Carnegie and Capri.

Queen of hearts, right: a ripple of collar and a shower of huge red hearts on a long fuchsia nightdress, all softness and glow. Princess Luciana for Cira of Caprolan nylon tricot. About $25. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom Best.

ALEXIS WALDECK





Dream a little dream in snappy, quilted robes

Ruffles of pink lace, left, spilling over the collar and cuffs of a long pink quilted nylon robe caught by a high sash of pink satin. Vanity Fair, of Du Pont nylon tricot with Dacron fiberfill. About $50. Bloomingdale's; D. H. Holmes; Goldwaters; I. Magnin.

Quilted navy velours set to sparkle, right: quilted velours robe fastened by brilliants and shaped like a little coat with a small stand-up collar, narrow belt held down by brilliants, and more dazzle on the sleeves. By Kayser of nylon velours and Kodel fiberfill. About $31. At Bonwit Teller; Nordstrom Best.

Fleeced and quilted coral, far right: short swing of bright quilted nylon tricot brushed up like fleece and edged in bands of embroidered satin. Gossard, of Arnel and nylon with a polyester fiberfill (Burlington fabric). About $24. At Altman's; Carson Pirie Scott.

Rings on both pages: Bergère, Hattie Carnegie, Capri, Pakula.

Coiffures here and on the preceding six pages: Maury of Kenneth.

ALEXIS WALDECK



102 GIFT

It's Christmas '68. Tiny Tim has a new line: "Tip-Toe Thru the Tulips" (his classic record is "God Bless Tiny Tim"), and the Beatles are hyping a *girl* singer, Mary Hopkin (ask for "Those Were the Days" on the Apple label).... Things like that go twining along with all the holly-and-the-ivy charms that may, in fact, still be the key to lots of hearts. . . . To start off the maddest, merriest whirl of the year you might give the man in your life good paste-on sideburns. $20-$25 at Barris & Zervoulei, 982 Second Ave., N. Y. . . . While he's trying them on, we fondly hope you'll be unwrapping a floor-length sable coat—or perhaps a huge sable muff with tails (this being the year of the fur muff) and possibly a dog tiny enough to ride inside as a "muff dog." N.B.: dog should not be wrapped.

If flying so high in the sky is the recipient's idea of Something to Do, why not a small aircraft survivor's kit approved by the F.A.A. and $115 at Abercrombie & Fitch. . . . At the same stop, pick up a fishing rod that telescopes to the size of a passport case. $27.50. And "Fish-print," a roll of treated paper that makes an instant, often handsome, record of the size and style of finned creatures the moment they're landed; also reproduces leaves, flowers, even hands. $5.95.

Definitely '68: inflatable furniture from hassocks to chairs to long bouncy sofas; findable almost everywhere—in New York at Azuma, Bonniers, Design Research. . . . For a library that cries for something austere, modern, and wonderfully good-looking: a three-step ladder of polished stainless steel and glass; from The Pace Collection, through decorators. 52″ high, $870. . . . A Briggs Beauty Spa —the five-foot tub has a built-in whirlpool that's deliciously relaxing, soothes the joints and traumas, and, in fact, does one masses of good. About $520 in white; Briggs Manufacturing Company, Warren, Mich. . . . A brass bootjack like a pair of Victorian laced boots, $40, at Belgravia House, 227 E. 57th St., N. Y.

Out of the whirlpool and into the caviar for another sort of sybaritic calm. Air-mail delivery of a pound of the best Beluga ($48) is promised to all by M. Chernoff, 170 E. 92nd St., N. Y.; phone: AT 9-7596 if the mere suggestion has set off instant craving. Or stop first at Baccarat and pick up a facetted crystal bowl meant just for caviar; the inner (or caviar) section is mounted in chrome ($88) or gold ($95). Chernoff, by the way, will also come up with a pound of first-rate pressed caviar for $18, and the following oven-ready frozen goodies: beef à la Stroganoff, $2.90 a lb.; royal borsch, condensed, $1 for 16 oz.; and cocktail-size pirosky with beef pâté, $2 the doz. Any or all would be welcomed by the Christmas hostess who's prone to having droppers-in and stayers-on. . . . Same grand old girl might be grateful for a stack of smart paper tablecloths from Paperworks, 38 E. 57th St., N. Y.

THE ORNAMENTAL WAY: This is the year when a basket of snakes—jewelled and enamelled, see page 171—will mesmerize any girl some man's thinking of mesmerizing. . . . Lots of rings are great, too, and we mean lots for every finger; watch for small enamelled bands, but for heaven's sake, don't be put off by a giant emerald or a p-b ruby. And don't forget Cartier's classic puzzle ring, three interlocking bands in different shades of gold. . . . Belting some girl, to paraphrase Noël Coward, should be done regularly now. Can be managed modestly with a gold Chanel chain laced with leather in black, brown, or ostrich, et cetera. $10 at Kiki Boutique, 170 E. 60th St., N. Y. Devastatingly at Annacat, 924 Madison Ave., N. Y., where there are antique silver, paste, and enamel buckles on belts that switch from waist- to hip-level. (Buckles can be bought separately.) Hermès makes a smashing leather number with clean, interesting hardware; about $60 wherever Hermès is found—it's Bonwit Teller in New York. Greek Island at 215 E. 49th St.. N. Y.. has a few glorious silver and enamel belts—or should one say girdles?—set with semi-precious stones and priced above the $100 mark. Cummerbunds at the Van Cleef & Arpels Boutique: black velvet or white satin crusty with multicoloured stones; $150 to $300. . . . From David Webb. a chaste Egyptian bangle with twin-serpent motif inspired by the Eighteenth Dynasty thing; about $1,000. (Charming rings here, too, some with a certain Victorian charm, some zodiac; about $80 to $150.) . . . Long, slender chains, subtle and flexible, are infinitely desired; best when old, which means searching the antique shops. . . . For men, and we mean rather special men, eighteenth century paste buttons from À La Vieille Russie, 781 Fifth Ave., N. Y. could be turned into cuff links or run the course of a jacket, Nehru or smoking. About $60 to $150 per button. . . . Fur throws are cosy; one pretty little thing we know would like zorino; a brunette dazzler prefers chinchilla. (She'll settle instead for a cape of black broadtail trimmed in fox.) Revillon has a fur throw in Brossin de Méré print. . . . Well, there's rabbit and hamster, too, for just a quick fling. . . . At least two perfectly adorable women we know find luxury in Irish linen handkerchiefs—pure white only. . . . Dozens would like to have their engagement rings reset without having the magic go out of their marriages; husbands please note. . . . Jewelled shoe buckles, pompons, cocardes, and rosettes should go to a woman with pretty feet and a fancy for shoes. . . . Weskits are for everybody: fur; leather fastened with one big braided frog; suède in fawn or brown; velveteen; embroidery of the Eastern, mirror-paved variety or possibly Portuguese. . . . What do all the chicerinos who

IDEAS

thinking big and small... luxe, practical, and sometimes just plain zany

come from Europe to America rush to buy? Ken Lane's smashing fake jewels—huge diamanté pins on gemmed filigree chains, jewelled belts, rings, the works. Take their word and give same to all the snappiest women you know. . . . On the other hand, Tiffany will provide, for $9,700, a bracelet of gold and diamonds, supple and desirable, and copied from an ivory screen in the Topkapi Museum. Tiffany, too: enamelled rings, blue, red, and yellow; about $60 each. . . . Face East, and give someone a vicarious thrill to regal and fabulous jewels photographed and described in the new book, *Crown Jewels of Iran* by V. B. Meen and A. D. Tushingham (University of Toronto Press)—emeralds and diamonds, of course, but also the most exquisite enamels, one backing a mirror with a portrait of Fath Ali Shah, the man responsible for the Iranian Crown jewels as we know them.

HOME IS WHERE: A superb rug, Chinese or Bessarabian, could lend Soul to the whole ménage. . . . Ditto sixteen silver plates—Queen Anne would be nice—because the most attractive dinner parties happen when there are two tables for eight. . . . Back to reality with half a dozen no-iron, flower-printed sheets, mass-produced in America, buyable at Bloomingdale's and such. . . . Never stop at giving a snug little, right little Sony TV to a household that already has one. . . . Try the inductive present—say, one smashing brown pillow with an orange velvet evil eye ($15, and where else but Greek Island, Ltd.) *plus* a check to have new upholstery for the sofa that pillow seeks. . . . A catalogue from Parke-Bernet's next sale plus a generous sum deposited there against future purchases. . . . Mundane and useful: a set of good French knives—*not* stainless steel—and a whetstone for honing them. . . . Six Baccarat brandy glasses. . . . Ever think much about Irish batiks? Well, no more did we until we encountered some thoroughly engaging ones at the Irish Pavilion, East 57th Street just off Lexington. Some of the best are based on designs from the Book of Kells, beautifully executed in true batik tradition and brought here from "straight out in the back of the bog," where the artists live. $25 and up. . . . At the same fine spot, where you can cool your shopping with lunch or an Irish coffee or a couple of black velvets, there's honest country furniture from the West Counties—bleached sisal woven and cloven to clean white pine and madly appealing right down to the prices: $10 for a small cube stool to $29.50 for a sturdy armchair. . . . The whole point of the Irish Pavilion's trove is that everything is first-rate craftsmanship, and there's not a shamrock in sight. Good pottery, stoneware teapots, shiny milk cans—the latter, $19 to $35, and quite nifty for flowers in a country house; a few one-of-a-kind brass pots, old ones destined for the likes of potted palms or small flowering trees; very handsome, very dear. Also offbeat books and records, mostly unique, Celtic to the core. . . . Partridge or no partridge, this is the season to give a pear tree. Farm and Garden Nursery Inc., 116 Reade St., N. Y., will oblige with hardy specimens from $5.95 to $20. They also have white birches for $4.95 to $35, a small copper beech for $7.95, an espalier juniper, $100. And in New York they will plant, according to the Parks Department specifications, a tree on the street where one lives; $125. . . . Multiples, Inc., 929 Madison Ave., N. Y., is the place for good art at possible prices—objects (the word they prefer to sculpture), graphics, banners, et cetera, all in limited editions numbered and signed by the artist. Catalogue includes works by Barnett Newman, Larry Rivers, Josef Albers, Tinguely, Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, and so on. . . . A minor work of art, both pop and practical, is the écrasé Cappuccino Espresso Machine at Hammacher Schlemmer which seems capable of all those entrancing fizzings and whistlings reminiscent of tiny Italian cafés. By Invento, $200. As usual, Hammacher has something for everything: a Leg o' Lamb holder, for instance, to facilitate carving, $15. Serrated grapefruit spoons that eliminate the necessity of slitting each little segment of the breakfast fruit: heaven-sent at $7.75 for four. Verdura pots and pans enamelled with seed-catalogue vegetables in bright colours; good for the kind of woman who has an open kitchen or likes to cook with an audience. . . . An upright silver holder for the wine bottle that stands on the dining table, $35 at Plummer McCutcheon. . . . For fun and a touch of luxe, wall-to-wall bath mats cut to fit around everything exactly to the quarter-inch. We suggest two—one for the bath, one for the washing machine. For the cutting and fitting operation, obviously tricky, there's a man in New York named George ("Let George Do It") Sarkissian; telephone: CY 4-1102. . . . A case of wine is still to our taste and would be received with joy in any year. To make the thought count even more, you might ask Sherry Wine & Spirits to offer the recipients a choice from their list of the season—or possibly a choice within financial reason. . . . Have you a sauna fan near and dear? Then what else but a real Finnish sauna from Design Research, 53 E. 57th St., N. Y.; about $4,500. . . . A cook beyond compare? Then a complete set of knives including everything a professional chef requires, down to pitters and corers; these in a wooden carrying case, $125 at the Matthews Shop, 22 W. 57th St., N. Y. The same establishment puts together hampers for food and wine buffs that are actually witty—wine, glasses, coasters, and a wine book; or an omelette pan, omelette cookbook, bright potholders; special order only. (Continued on page 199)

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Everybody's Talking....

Listen to Janie Holzer talking about what she found in Thea Porter's London boutique. "It's like wearing a *king's* raiment . . . they're so *splendid*." About the pheasant-printed chiffon shirt that goes with the dark-brown velvet weskit and pants (right), "It's really an illusion, see. I mean, in the right light, you *can* see through the shirt, but then, you can't. So you take your choice . . . I mean, if you want to, you can stand in the right light." . . . The king's raiment on Jane (below), a blowy-sleeved tunic of whispery sheer silvery lamé (it's actually got some aluminum in it) with a black velvet weskit striped in tiny chips of aluminum. Both of these Thea Porter designs are in "The Fancy" at Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th Street....

HOGENBOOM





Princess Elizabeth of Toro speaks up (right). And nobody has a better right to be commanding for she is not only a regal Princess, but a barrister practicing law in London, too. Her Robes here—black crêpe, the coat all pleated and flaring over flippy hemmed pants and a white crêpe shirt. Designed by Jean Muir. $295. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St. . . . ***At Halston Ltd. they all talk***—a lot (below). Famous hat man, Halston, is now set up to design everything, from a shoe to a boutique, or everything that's for sale in a boutique. . . . The volatile, talented partners (left to right), Frances Stein, Halston, Joel Schumacher, all pitch in on the projects—and the sparks, the ideas fly. Bloomingdale's will be one of the first stores to have Halston Ltd.'s finished products. . . .

CHARLES TRACY





HOGENBOOM

Saint Laurent's just listening—Yves, and his associate Betty Saint (right) wandered into Central Park during a New York visit, remained, bemused, enchanted by the hippie scene. Who *knows* how this may affect the world's fashion scene. . . . ***The basset hound wants to be heard*** (below). He wants you to know that *he* is currently the status dog of Paris—like Ralph, who goes to work with Ariel de Ravenel. . . .





The Earl of Lichfield's not saying what he and Michael Pearson (right) were saying at the opening of the Annacat boutique . . . but *we* all know it's stashed with romantic shirts like these. 924 Madison Ave. . . .

PATRICK LICHFIELD

BERENSON



More on next page



Talk, talk, talk....

Alec McGregor isn't a year old yet, but he's got plenty to say to his father, Paul (left). But then, Paul McGregor's used to it. After all, he is a hairdresser, and the father of six. So talk is a daily noise in his life. . . . Now Paul's adding to the barrage, opening a restaurant, McGregor's Garage, at 15 St. Marks Place. . . . Someone enchanting, you *won't* see in the restaurant, alas—Paul's six-year-old daughter, ***Paula*** (below). But she's not talking to us. Not one word. Not even telling us where she got her delicious cotton print gown. . . .

CHARLES TRACY





Caterine and Maurice have stopped talking (left)—the game is more important. But they can't help being two of the most romantic looking people. . . . Caterine Milinaire in her cotton print robe from the Far Eastern Shop, 171 Madison Ave., worn over a white mull gathered gown, the hem stuffed into dark red leather boots from Japan. . . . Maurice Hogenboom in his topaz velvet Edwardian suit made in Holland. . . .

JACK ROBINSON

André Malraux

(Continued from page 141)

"Your name, Christian name, rank?"

"Lieutenant Colonel Malraux, André, alias Colonel Berger. I am the military chief of this region."

He threw a puzzled glance at my officer's tunic, which had no badges of rank. What moral did he hope to draw from that? I had been captured in a car that flew a tricolour flag with the Cross of Lorraine.

"What organization?"

"De Gaulle."

"You . . . have some prisoners, have you not?"

He had a North German accent, hard, not at all "Teutonic." His interrogation was menacing but not aggressive.

"In the unit directly under my command, about a hundred."

What a strange game fate was playing! It was the custom, God knows why, to have prisoners taken by the maquis tried by court-martial. I had been present at a trial of this kind in an FTP maquis, with maquis leaders pretending to be judges, an indictment that was acceptable because hate always looks like hate, and a parody of a defense by a kind of clerk who was working off ten years of frustrated ambition by playing the lawyer. In a low, cool room in a château by the Lot, with goats bleating outside in the heat, and yellow flowers. It was to preside over a court-martial the day before that I had put on again the uniform I was wearing. We had already set free some twenty Alsatians—for there were many Alsatians among the troops facing us, as there were in our own maquis groups from which the Alsace-Lorraine brigade would be born. One of our lieutenants. a schoolteacher from the Colmar region. had offered to undertake the defense of the German prisoners, and had said, in French and then in German, "None of these men belongs to the SS or the Gestapo. They are soldiers, and you can not shoot soldiers for having been called up and for carrying out the orders they have been given." There were many of our men at the end of the room. and I could sense the anxiety of our Alsatians. It was decided that the prisoners would be handed over to the first Allied unit we came across.

"How are they treated?"

The clerk, who was taking everything down in shorthand, put down his pencil.

"They spend their time playing prisoner's base and eat the same food as our own men. For them, the war is over."

The old sparrow wondered if I was making fun of him but decided that I was not.

"They had been expecting savages in rags," I told him. "and they came across soldiers in uniform."

"Parachuted?"

"No. The French maquis."

"Where are they?"

"Who, the prisoners?"

"It's the same thing!"

"Still, there are more maquisards than prisoners."

"Where are they?"

"I have no idea, fortunately. Let's get this straight. They were in the Siorac woods. For at least two hours my men have known that I'm in your hands. For an hour and a half my successor has been in command, and he is a regular staff officer. By now, not a single soldier, ours or yours, will be left in the camp."

He pondered. "What is your civilian profession?"

"Professor, and writer. I have lectured in your universities. At Marburg, Leipzig, Berlin."

"Professor" sounded serious.

"You obviously speak German. But that is of no importance."

"My first book, *Die Eroberer,* was translated by Max Claus."

It was alleged (falsely, as it later transpired) that Max Claus, having become a Nazi, was some sort of undersecretary of state with Goebbels. My interrogator was growing more and more puzzled. He started playing cat and mouse. After ten minutes:

"Lieutenant," I said, "I think we are wasting each other's time. Usually you interrogate prisoners who say they are innocent or who really are, and you have to make them confess. I have nothing to confess: I have been your opponent since the day of the Armistice."

"But it was Marshal Pétain who signed the Armistice!"

"It certainly wasn't I. So I'm not officially a combatant. So you can have me shot—after you've weighed the consequences. I may tell you that my deputy commanded the Legion in Morocco, and I commanded . . . elsewhere, and we are not playing at soldiers. We have more than one assembly point. We never make contact except on out-of-the-way roads, covered by four lookout men. The German forces have never taken a single one of my men prisoner. I am here because you have just carried out a very brilliant manoeuvre, and I went and threw myself in front of your machine guns like an idiot. But in capturing me you set off the alarm system; up to a hundred kilometres north of here all the command posts have been evacuated. In order to find out the extent of our forces—or the way we treat our prisoners, if it comes to that—you have only to ask the *Milice.* And you could have my men tortured—if you captured any of them—without getting anything out of them, because they know nothing: our entire organization is based on the assumption that no human being can know what he will do under torture."

"The Wehrmacht does not use torture."

"Furthermore, a unit like yours, if the whole division is grouped together, has other fish to fry."

He asked me where our former command posts were, and I reeled off a list of châteaux abandoned by collaborators, or clearings where he would find listening posts and the remains of fires. No question of mentioning the woods of scrub oaks, which the Germans thought unusable. As for the identity of the leaders of the other maquis groups, the Gestapo and the *Milice* knew their pseudonyms as well as I did. and I was as little aware of their real names as they were. (At least in certain cases.) The old sparrow had certainly received orders to treat me as a prisoner of war. But it was obvious that all this was just a be-

(Continued on page 196)

BARBIZON



Holiday romantic. Beautiful Satin de Lys® long gown is enriched with tiny jewelled buttons twinkling through cascading ruffles of rose-beige imported Alençon nylon lace. Side-slashed. Pink, blue or candlelight in small, medium, large ADORE $15.00

LORD & TAYLOR, New York
JOSEPH HORNE CO., Pittsburgh
ROBINSON'S, Los Angeles

Barbizon

André Malraux

(Continued from page 195)

ginning. We continued to talk about the maquis. I exaggerated our numbers. It turned into a conversation.

Eventually the two Germans left—perhaps to dine? A sentry guarded me, on the other side of the swing door: I could only see him up to the knees. Sometimes he chatted: A lot of Germans passed through the little hall. I would have liked to think, but it was only the interrogation that had kept my faculties alert: I sank back, exhausted.

Nine o'clock in the evening. (There was a large wall clock hanging above the desk.) Two other Germans arrived with papers, no doubt a summary of my interrogation. They asked me the questions I had already been asked, and I gave the same answers. To crosscheck? No matter. The two Germans left.

Three quarters of an hour later, there was a great clicking of heels outside. The swing doors, usually pushed open breezily, parted gently, and a colonel came in and sat behind the desk. No secretary. He looked like his predecessors. No, it was because I was not used to looking up at people from ground level. But his hair was white.

"What are you hoping for?" he asked me.

"From our military activities, or from . . . my own fate?"

"From your military activities."

"To slow you up, of course."

He nodded, as if in agreement, or as if to say, "That's what I thought." Then, "Why do you destroy things we can quickly repair?"

"It's part of the plan."

(It was also, on occasion, because we could not do any better.)

"You didn't fight in the last war?"

"I was too young. My identity card is false, but the date of birth is correct—1901."

"You fought in this one?"

"Yes."

"In what branch?"

"Tanks."

(And what tanks! But that was none of his business. I had envied his, then.) He glanced through my papers absently, as if to give his hands something to do.

"Your maquis has antitank weapons?"

"Yes."

The Gestapo could not be unaware that London had been dropping bazookas by parachute for over a month. Therefore he knew this or, more precisely, was afraid of it. For in wooded country tanks can only be covered by infantry. German armoured divisions had motorized infantry at their disposal, but if it stayed in its trucks it could not protect the tanks against the bazookas, and if it protected the tanks by patrolling both sides of the road, the latter would be reduced to walking speed. My interrogator did not seem surprised or even very interested. Curious, rather. Had he simply wanted to see an officer of this mysterious maquis that was all round him? Was he rediscovering the French army, the "pigheads" of Verdun?

He put back the little pile of papers beside the empty wallet, got up, and came round to the front of the desk. As he passed in front of me, he picked up my wallet from the desk and handed it to me. I could feel at once that it was no longer empty. The colonel left. The sentry outside clicked his heels. The German had put back the photograph of my wife and son in one of the wallet pockets.

No one came after him. Finished for the night? The hotel was dropping off to sleep. The electric light in the office was still on. I thought I would be unable to sleep. I was wrong. Sleep overcame me as it used to do in Spain, when a meal followed an air battle: dead asleep, as we say dead-drunk.

Dawn. Daylight. A slamming of doors upstairs and the clatter of swing doors on the ground floor. Sounds of water. The crop-headed sparrow came back and sat down behind the desk without saying a word. Boots clumping on the stairs, and the hubbub of a hotel, of a barrack room, and above all of departure. Why does the German language, when shouted, always sound as if it is expressing anger? The voices went back and forth:

"Matâme: Have you any butter?"

"No!"

"Any chocolate?"

"No!"

"Matâme! Have you any bread?"

"Only in exchange for coupons."

Then they stopped asking. The manageress must have left the pay desk. An interval. Boots going upstairs, accompanied by a clink of messtins. Then from the upper floors came a strange clamour which grew louder as it came nearer: the noise children make when the Christmas tree is uncovered before their eyes. The swing doors parted, pushed by a tray on which were set a steaming bowl of coffee and some huge slices of bread and butter. Behind it came the manageress. Her white hair was very carefully done; she had put on a black dress, as if to go to Mass, but was wearing a white apron because she had come from the kitchen. She looked at the blood-stained tiles (my wounds had bled during the night), came toward me, knelt down—first one leg, then the other. It is not easy for an elderly woman to kneel down while carrying a tray. She placed it on my chest, got up again, went toward the swing door, turned round—two big red stains on the white apron, where she had knelt—and said, in the tone which she must often have used forty years earlier to say, "I'll trouble you not to pinch your brothers' bread and butter," but with an almost imperceptible hint of solemnity now. "It's for the wounded French officer!" Then she went back upstairs to the sound of boots shuffling aside.

My sparrow was staring at me with his beak open. To snatch bread from a wounded man would have been ridiculous, but how provoking it all was!

"Let's share it," I said.

He got up, went out and came back with a glass. Took one of my pieces of bread and put it on the desk. Took the bowl to pour half the coffee into his glass—and burned himself. Put the glass on the desk, took hold of the bowl again with his handkerchief, and poured, measuring carefully. Then gave me the bowl back. On the white tiles there were now two sets of bloody footprints, big ones to and from the desk, and small ones to and from the door.

Around eight o'clock, we left. The manageress was back.

"Thank you, Madame. You were admirable: the personification of France."

She stopped writing. Her features remained immobile, and her gaze followed me until the hotel door closed.

I was taken to the sick bay, where my dressings were changed. I would now be able to stand up, and perhaps take a few steps. No need. I was shut into an armoured van—an ambulance, perhaps. To the rear, a double door, bolted from the outside. Four partitions. I was alone. Lying down, I could see, through a little barred window in the door, a line of trucks, and the countryside flashing by. Would the maquis attack? I hardly thought so, for though the area was fairly mountainous, it was not wooded. To my knowledge there were no maquis units of any importance this side of the Garonne. No doubt the German armoured division was engaged on some punitive expedition: Above the road and its riverbends our villages burned beneath long, slanting trails of smoke.

When the column halted, I was allowed to get out.

At Figeac (where Roger Martin du Gard lived), a peasant brought me a walking stick and disappeared.

Every French glance told me that I was a condemned man. I did not think so—at least, not yet. I assumed I was destined for another interrogation, or a trial. But something was bound to happen.

At Villefranche-de-Rouergue, where I recognized the almost Spanish church I had used as a setting for some episodes in *L'Espoir*, the column halted for the night. I was put up at the convent. As soon as I was in bed, the Mother Superior brought me some coffee. She was no more than forty years old, and she

was beautiful. As she went by, she smiled at the soldier who was guarding me, an inaccessible smile.

I had sometimes wondered what the Gospel would mean to one in the face of death.

"Mother Superior, could you lend me the Gospel according to St. John?"

"Oh of course!"

She brought a Bible and went out again. I searched for the text of St. John, but the book fell open at the marker that she must have just put there. I might have been killed many times, in Asia, in Spain, at home; the idea that I could have stayed behind, instead of attending a court-martial or an execution at the edge of a ditch, seemed to me laughable. Even that night, dying seemed banal to me. What interested me was death.

But it was not in the face of death that I had encountered St. John. It was at Ephesus, and above all in the Byzantine and Slav world which had venerated his tomb no less than Christ's. Through him, my memory retained a fairly complex image of Jesus: convincing and near, like that of St. Francis of Assisi, yet curiously hazy in this text where John refers to himself only as "He whom Jesus loved." I remembered the sellers of doves driven from the Temple, and certain phrases which made the Gospel a sort of incantation: ". . . for his hour was not yet come . . ." and the dark tone of "Father, deliver me from this hour . . ." and the words spoken to Judas, "That thou doest, do quickly." I remembered the story of the woman taken in adultery, which is so often related as a judgment, whereas Christ in fact turns neither to the accusers nor to the woman, and says, "He that is without sin among you . . ." while continuing to draw figures in the sand. I discovered again, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." I had not believed in the burlesque firing squad at Gramat, but I would probably meet one soon that would not be burlesque. On the road, I might have received the bullets in the head, like the driver, instead of in the legs. I felt strongly that all faith dissolves life into the eternal, and I was cut off from the eternal. My life was one of those human adventures which Shakespeare justifies by calling dreams and which are not dreams. A human destiny coming to an end in front of a dozen rifles, among so many other destinies as ephemeral as the earth. What was about to befall me was of passionate concern to a worthless part of myself, like the urge to escape from the water when one is drowning. But I did not seek the meaning of the world in a thrashing of the limbs. The genius of Christianity is to have proclaimed that the path to the deepest mystery is the path of love. A love which is not confined to men's feelings, but transcends them like the soul of the world, more powerful than death and more powerful than justice: "For God did not send his son into the world to judge the world, but to save it." . . . But faith means belief; I had a great respect for the Christian message which had pervaded this earth in which I would doubtless soon be lying, but I did not believe in it. The memory of St. John is more powerful against misfortune than his presence is against death. . . . It was all as though my supreme value was Truth—and yet what did Truth matter to me, that night?

My past, my biographical life, was of no importance. I did not think of my childhood. I did not think of my family. I thought of the atheist peasant women who saluted my wounds with the sign of the cross, of the stick brought to me by the frightened peasant, of the coffee from the manageress of the Hôtel de France and from the Mother Superior. All that remained in my memory was fraternity. In this convent silence probably filled with prayers for me, and broken by the distant clattering of a tank on the move, what lived as profoundly in my mind as the approach of death—even when I thought of the scorpions of Babylon—was the despairing caress that closes the eyes of the dead.

Beauty Bulletin

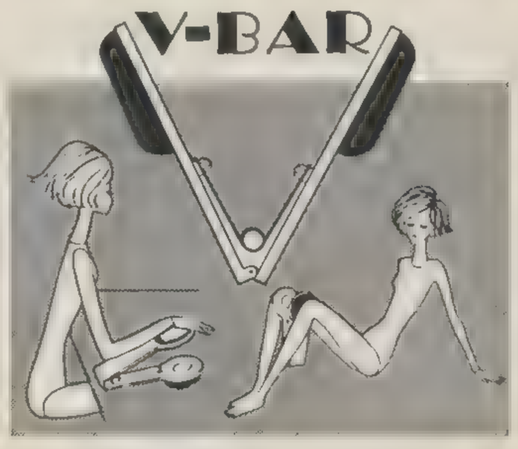
(Continued from page 149)

—appointment-maker, shampooer, treatment-giver. "Having your hair done should be pleasure—not pressure," said Marc, who sees that it's exactly that. The short blond hair that went to him for this emergency help looked, its owner said, "like dandelion gone to fluff—dry, porous, gingery, permanented, sunburned, windblown, unbrushed, unloved." . . . Three adventures with the ministrations of Miss Annette and the expertise of Marc—and well-loved hair. . . . First: soaping with non-strip shampoo, tepid water. Then a pink shampoo treatment for coloured hair. Then, like a phrenologist, Miss Annette massages gently, loosening the scalp, kneading the temples, the neck. She rinses and rinses with tepid water, dabs toner, more apricot than ash, on the roots. Marc takes over for the set. He is deft and rapid and full of enthusiasm for your hair possibilities. "Short hair should be cut every three weeks, long hair four times a year." No lotions or chemicals while he twirls up the rollers. After dryer, he brushes lightly, back combs just enough for body, but not to the tips which suddenly look supple and shining. Nothing tortured or sprayed. Hair's left springy, each strand free. It should be shorter, he thinks, but he never cuts hair at the first session, prefers to study the face and proportions, the planes and textures. First treatment should be for health. Next time he will cut. . . . "I leave far happier," said the subject. "My hair is bouncy, it feels young. I understand why Marc inspires such confidence in his clients. He is so constructive." Marc is planning a book. . . . A book on what? "On women, of course. They are my life," said the author. *(Shampoo from $3.50; set from $8; first cut $25, thereafter $15 and $20. Charles of the Ritz—Ritz Tower Salon, 461 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Tel. EL 5-4680.)* MORE HELP IS ON THE WAY, PAGE 66.



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"Greece"

(Continued from page 138)

of origin as a charter of independence, and honoured its founding heroes. These religious myths were yearly represented in dramatic ballets, a long list of which has been preserved by the historian Lucian. And every local custom had its mythological validation: explaining why, for instance, some clans wore only one sandal, why others were forbidden to eat wild asparagus, or trained dolphins for children to ride. Religion was everywhere. No contract could be made, no statue carved, no weapon forged, no vase painted and fired, no building raised, without a religious rite. The twelve Olympian Gods and Goddesses who officially ruled Greece under Father Zeus had begun as ancestral deities of an early All-Greek federation centred in the Peloponnesus. Yet Homer, whose works enjoyed a sort of Biblical sanctity throughout the Greek Empire, had made fun of almost all these Gods except two patrons of the Homeric Guild of travelling minstrels: Apollo and Hermes. Few Greeks could therefore take the Olympian cult seriously, even though it regularized public relations between city-states.

In fact, the Greeks had three interlaced religious systems. These were local worship, the official Olympian cult, and the Mystery cults, such as those of Corinth and Samothrace but especially the Eleusinian cult near Athens. Would-be initiates, who had to be free men with no slave blood in their family histories and without any criminal record, were subjected to long careful screening by priests, then after preliminary induction into the Lesser Mysteries they were taken aside, starved, purged, stripped naked, scared, and, finally, it seems with the help of hallucinogens introduced into the sacred bread and drink, were granted glorious visions of Persephone's Paradise. While still highly suggestible, they learned a secret doctrine of personal morality which would guide them safely throughout life and assure them re-entry, at death, into the same paradise.

Homer had never mocked at either Persephone, her mother Demeter, or the God Dionysus, the three Great Gods of the Mysteries. In fact, we may assume him to have been an initiate. Moreover the Athenian theatre came under Dionysus's own patronage; all the playwrights, musicians, and actors will also have been initiates, and the tragedies seem to present conflicts between public morals as condoned by the Olympic code and the secret doctrine taught at the Mysteries.

As Greece grew more commercial, and political power fell into the hands of men either unqualified or unwilling to undergo the ordeals of the Mysteries, religious feeling dulled. By the late fifth century B.C. mercantilism, philosophic theory, and the mechanical sciences had invaded the territory of religion. Buildings became architecturally formalized; statues, no longer archaically carved by craftsmen in a state of divine possession, were turned out in realistic neo-Persian style by matter-of-fact journeymen sculptors; coins became artistically ingenious playthings, not holy objects. Pottery soon also degenerated into tradeware mass-produced by slave labour for export to barbarians.

A single event marked the final irrevocable decline of ancient Greek tradition. Alexander, after his unpardonably irreligious destruction of Thebes, one of the holiest and most ancient Greek cities, invaded Asia Minor. Having reached Gordium and there been challenged to unpick the complicated Gordian leather knot—a religious task that should be accomplished only by divine inspiration—he sneeringly cut it through with his sword. Then he marched for India, in an attempt to outdo the God Dionysus, who had got no further than Bactria, and on returning to Persia died as a result of trying to out-drink his divine rival.

Whenever imperial dictatorship, philosophic theory, schools of art, and commercialism usurp the religious sense, as has happened again in modern Europe and America, one must turn for spiritual refreshment to the unspoilt countryside, or to museums. Or to ruins—the hand of time and the invasion of wild nature can lend even an ugly Roman-provincial building a certain beauty. I am glad to have seen a few remains of the true Greece, before the new wave of touristic commercialism does for them what, for instance, the Shakespeare cult has done for the town of Stratford-on-Avon; or the cult of suntan has done for fishing villages of the once-Greek Costa Brava in Spain.

David Smith

(Continued from page 137)

Mostly art was reproductions, from far away from an age past and from some garden shore, certainly from no place like the mud banks of the Auglaize or the Maumee, and there didn't seem much chance that it could come from Paulding County.

Genuine oil painting was some highly cultivated act that came like the silver spoon, born from years of slow method, applied drawing, water colouring, designing, art structure, requiring special equipment of an almost secret nature, that could only be found in Paris or possibly New York.

And when I got to New York and Paris I found that painting was made with anything at hand, building board, raw canvas, self-primed canvas with or without brushes, on the easel, on the floor, on the wall, no rules, no secret equipment no anything, except the conviction of the artist, his challenge to the world, and his own identity.

Discarding the old methods and equipment will not of course make art. It has only been a symbol in creative freedom from the bondage of tradition and outside authority.

Sculpture was even farther away. Modelling clay was a mystic mess which came from afar. How a sculpture got into metal was so complex that it could only be done in Paris. The person who made sculpture was someone else: an ethereal poetic character divinely sent, who was scholar, aesthetician, philosopher, continental gentleman so sensitive he could unlock the crying vision from a log, or a Galatea from a piece of imported marble.

I now know that sculpture is made from rough externals by rough characters or men who have passed through all polish and are back to the rough again.

The mystic modelling clay is only Ohio mud, the tools are at hand in garages and factories. Casting can be achieved in almost every town. Visions are from the imaginative mind, sculpture can come from the found discards in nature, from sticks and stones, assembled or monolithic, solid form, open form, lines of form, or like a painting the illusion of form and sculpture can be painting and painting can be sculpture and no authority can overrule the artist in his declaration. Not even the philosopher, the aesthetician, or the connoisseur.

* * *

Everything imagined is reality. The mind can not conceive unreal things.

* * *

I do not resent the cost of the best material or the finest equipment. Every labour-saving machine, every safety device I can afford I consider necessary.

* * *

The cost problem I have to forget on everything, because it is always more than I can afford,—more than I get back from sales, most years more than I earn. My shop is somewhat like the Federal Government always running with greater expenditures than income and winding up with loans.

* * *

For how long does it take crudities to become beauties?

* * *

If the vitality is there the shape will grow form.

* * *

The April beauty of true colour before it's struck with green.

* * *

I've been painting sculpture all my life. As a matter of fact, the reason I became a sculptor is that I was first a painter.

* * *

Sometimes I need total disrespect for the material and paint it as if it were a building.

102 Gift Ideas

(Continued from page 191)

SOUND sends everybody, and the new ultimate in remote control is the Boulton Se-Lec-Tronic music system with all units housed in a built-in Master Music Programmer—stereo, radio, tape recorder, even spare channels for Muzak. A leather box containing the controls can be placed in any number of rooms to touch off the desired gadget, and—now hear this—something different can be played in each room simultaneously. At Hammacher Schlemmer. . . . For blood less rich, there are tape recorders of all sizes, all prices, almost everywhere, and they're universally adored by eight-year-olds, teen-agers, poppas—in fact, everyone. . . . RCA has stereo systems at various prices with a gimmick called a Pause Selector that enables you to flick the sound off when the phone rings, then flick it on at the precise point in the musical phrase where it stopped. . . . At the opposite end of the stereo scale, there's a neat little Taya portable, made in Japan, that can be had for a fast $32.50 at F.A.O. Schwarz. Runs on batteries or plugs in: plays 15s and 33s; looks like a futuristic attaché case: and makes a great hit with children about ten. . . . For a man who likes Total Organization, there's a new computer that stores up to 50 record albums and a record player; each record has its own number, and when you dial one or more suited to the mood of the moment, the computer plays your choices—no hands on the records. $695 and up at the Harvey Radio Co., 2 W. 45th St., N. Y. . . . Whether one's computerized or merely in the habit of shouting "play, gypsy" to anyone near the phonograph, records are a good idea. . . . Celestial, if they happen to include the new Nonesuch album, *The 12 London Symphonies* of Joseph Haydn composed 1791-95; when Haydn left Vienna in December, 1790, to take up this commission, Mozart saw him off from Vienna: in London "the Nobility and Gentry" were acquainted with the plan for concerts still unwritten.

On the same label: "The Baroque Trumpet," which is enchanting; "Russian Liturgical Music," which is very Gregorian; and "The Soul of Flamenco"—olé!

For an electronics buff or a record collector who has everything: "The Wild Bull" done by Morton Subotnick might execute a neat veronica. . . . For lighter hearts, a terribly special concert performance of *Man of La Mancha*, recorded by Decca with the London cast, snatches of dialogue as well as the score. . . . Also from Decca, original voice tracks from the best movies of W. C. Fields (free pop poster inside). . . . Peace on earth is a theme we feel might well be extended by teen-agers to their mums. It strikes in strange ways, though; we found that when we were given the record "Memories of a Middle-Aged Movie Fan," we felt decidedly younger in spite of recognizing "Just like the sting of a bee / You turned the tables on me," though, honestly, we never saw the movie. Return gesture from mum to teen-ager: the new Arlo Guthrie record—remember, he's the "Alice's Restaurant" man—which is called "Arlo" and besides rhyming "pickle" with "motorcycle," includes "The Pause of Mr. Claus," a number that points out the fact that that man wears a red suit. . . . Régine, the smoke and fire of Paris, can be heard on the LP "Régine"; at Rizzoli, 715 Fifth Ave., N. Y. . . . "Nana Mouskouri Sings Hadjidakis," out of this world, but can be had at Greek Island, Ltd. . . . Talking records "to listen to while doing needlepoint" is a heartfelt request on our list, and we suggest almost anything on the Caedmon label, but especially Richard Burton reading *The Rape of Lucrece*. For the same woman's reading hours, the *Sylvia Sydney Needlepoint Book*, $8.95 and worth every penny; charming illustrations. **HIGH JINKS:** Start with "Thingies," a tiny new jigsaw puzzle with "60 perfectly Maddening Pieces" which, in one case, add up to "Love." $1.25; by Springbok who also have a fiendish Utamarō print puzzle, "Moonlight Revelry," $3.50. . . . For a house-proud little girl: *There's a Decorator in Your Doll House* by Melanie Kahane, inventive and practical. . . . Yves Saint Laurent's black rubbery raincoat, belted and very trig; $65 at Rive Gauche. . . . A Wurlitzer circus organ, $1,000 to over $10,000 from Hathaway & Bowers, Santa Fe Springs, Cal. . . . Dozens of small amusing note pads for every room in the house. . . . *Conquerors of the Air*, a great book for men and boys, thrillingly illustrated with drawings and diagrams of adorable planes, 1903-1945: published by Viking. . . . More fun than a bubble bath: Mary Jane Higby's breezy book *Tune in Tomorrow* or *How I Found the Right to Happiness with Our Gal Sunday, Stella Dallas, John's Other Wife and Other Sudsy Radio Serials*. . . . A man-sized Crocker watch with bright enamel face and smashing grosgrain bands—both in good clear colours from lavender to black and white. $50 at For Him-For Her, 910 Madison Ave., N. Y. . . . The dog of the year, a Shih Tzu, $175 to $250, from Trefflich, who is also big on palm-sized bush-babies; $75 if you happen to know someone who wants a nocturnal monkey. . . . Elephant-hair rings by the half dozen. . . . Scads of divertissements from a place called The Chest, which runs "by astrology" at 10604 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. For instance, canned goods like these: an instant raincoat in a tiny can, $1.50; a candle for voodoo or love, $1.50: assorted nails, $2.50: a parcel post kit, $2.50. Also a blend-your-own-pepper kit—three kinds of peppercorns attractively packaged, $2. And masses of amusing pushpins and thumbtacks; we especially like the tacks like flickering, fake-lashed eyes, $1.95 for 14. . . . For the ten-to-twelve kids, jigsaw puzzles reproducing epic front pages of *The New York Times*, by Parker Brothers. . . . For tea and coffee aficionados, something special from the Schapira Coffee place, 117 West 10th St., N. Y. . . . Amusing rings at okay prices from the Jade Panther, 33 Greenwich Ave., N. Y. . . . Then there's the girl who wants nothing else for Christmas but an evening with Peter Ustinov: sorry about that. And Merry Christmas anyhow!

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) S. I. Newhouse, Jr., Publisher.

Fitness

(Continued from page 151)

that's really stepping out).

Some sports—like golf—have minimum value (you get points only for the walking). Here, however, are some activities in the 4-point range: 30 minutes of continuous handball, squash, or basketball (eliminating time spent in time-out), 40 minutes of continuous skiing (again only skiing time), or three sets of tennis.

I like the flexibility of Dr. Cooper's program. It doesn't matter which exercise or sport you pick as long as you accumulate the desired number of points each week which Dr. Cooper believes to be 30 for a fully conditioned man. If you chose running only, you would get 30 points by running a mile twice a week, 1.5 miles twice a week and 2 miles once a week.

Or, to use Dr. Cooper's example, you could run a mile and a half on Monday, play handball for 35 minutes Tuesday, swim 600 yards Wednesday, cycle five miles Thursday, run again on Friday.

The famous Canadian Air Force training program—the so-called 5BX exercises—includes both calisthenics for strength training and running, either along a track or in place, for endurance. As with Dr. Cooper's scheme, the program is graded for different ages and degrees of initial fitness. I tried them for a while; they weren't bad, only dull.

A program of alternately walking and jogging has gained popularity recently after a group of doctors and athletic coaches at the University of Oregon showed that it was an easy way for men with restricted athletic facilities to get into condition. After all, you just do what I did—get out onto the street and go. After twelve weeks from a slow start, the Oregon group covered 2½ miles in 20 minutes three times a week. It turns out to be exactly equivalent to Dr. Cooper's thirty points.

All authorities agree that starting at a low level is important. The American Medical Association's committee on physical fitness provided some useful tips to tell if you have overexerted yourself at the beginning; you have if:

a) your heart is pounding and you're still breathless 10 minutes after you quit; or b) you feel weak and fatigued 2 hours later; or c) your night's sleep is broken; or d) you feel unduly fatigued the next day. It doesn't mean you should quit; just drop back to a lower level of activity for a while.

Most authorities agree, too, that to get the full benefit of the exercise you must continue for life. Otherwise, the protection disappears in a few months. There is some evidence—not conclusive— that once you have reached a good level of fitness, you need only modest amounts of exercise—usually less than you performed to get you up there—to keep up that level.

The toughest part is motivation. You must have a willingness to endure present discomfort for future benefit. In the jogging program, many men dropped out because of sore ankles or legs. Again, some studies provide clues: try to work with a group—get some fellows together at the office for lunchtime swimming or some neighbours for jogging; pick exercises that you like to do, and keep a record day to day to remind yourself where you are.

One more item: One famous Swedish exercise scientist points out that if you do not condition yourself with exercise, you probably will work during the day up to your physical capacity and return home at night very tired. The same is true for women, who, working either at home or office, also reach the limit of their endurance. You're both exhausted. As you get older, fatigue works better than saltpeter.

Shirley: Where are my sweatsuit and sneakers?

Wine Diet

(Continued from page 150)

More wine diet table talk. . . . Among wine vitamins is B complex, enough to make wine a supplementary source. . . . Wine contains carbohydrates. But investigations show that wine drinkers tend to eat less of other carbohydrate foods. . . . Wine used in cooking is virtually no-cal; the alcohol burns out.

It has been said that a connoisseur of French wines knows his vineyards, a connoisseur of American wines knows his grapes. California wines are divided into two types: generics and varietals. Generics, named after their European prototypes—e.g., Burgundy, Chablis—are America's greatest wine bargains, most popular carafe wines. Varietals, the premium wines, are named for a particular grape from which at least 51% of the wine is produced. Know this and plunge further into wine math. Even among the whites there are shades of calorie differences. Chablis is lowest, around 22 calories an ounce. Pinot Chardonnay, America's most aristocratic white wine, is a Chablis-type. Germany's Rieslings and Rhine wines come next. Johannisberg Riesling is a California varietal and Gewürztraminer one of the finer U.S. Rhine-wine-types. Next: Sauterne—Sauvignon Blanc is a dry Sauterne-type. . . . Of the whites, Champagne is usually highest in calorie content. . . . Rosé is red wine "caught in the act," grape skins removed after the grapes have been in the vat long enough to colour the wine pink. So it follows that rosés fall, calorically, midway between red and white. The grape that makes the famous French Tavel also produces an outstanding California pink, Grenache Rosé. . . . Among the red wines, Bordeaux is apt to be lowest-cal. Bordeaux-type Cabernet Sauvignon is held by experts to be the best wine America makes. Burgundy, too, is very dry. Richer reds are Barbera, Chianti, and Zinfandel, the dark red, informal wine sometimes called "California's Beaujolais."

In a longevity study made several years ago, it was found that heavy drinkers had the shortest lives, abstainers lived longer, moderate drinkers the longest. How's that for table talk that understands men?

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